

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. GLXXXII. No. 2372

London  
December 11, 1946



## JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER AGENT  
or write to JAEGER, 204, Regent Street, London, for nearest address

### McVITIE & PRICE

*Biscuits of Highest Quality*

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

In  
BERKELEY SQUARE  
LONDON. W.1.  
Tel.  
MAYFAIR  
7777

## THE MAY FAIR HOTEL

DANCING  
EVERY EVENING  
(SUNDAY EXCEPTED)  
ROLAND PEACHEY'S ORCHESTRA.  
Gram's MAYFAIRTEL PICCY LONDON.

## HIGHLAND QUEEN



*Grand Liqueur*  
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD  
LEITH • SCOTLAND

Clear that Cold with  
**VAPEX**  
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

V194

## PRUHT

*The Original West Indies*  
APERITIF

RAWLINGS & SONS



(LONDON) LTD.

*For men in a hurry*  
**WARDONIA**  
BLADES  
FOR QUICKER SHAVES

## Grant's Scotch Whisky



"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

*Men who know wear  
Drescott Clothes*



# Hand-knit and be-ribboned!



For evening—for day—a real charmer! White sweater in pollen-soft wool, hand-knit and beautified by bands of silky white petersham ribbon. Zipped back. £6 12s. 9d. Also black with velvet. £6 16s. 4d. 6 coupons in each case. Women's Shop, 4th Floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd  
202 Piccadilly, London, W.1  
Regent 2002

# Look!



## KAYSER BONDOR nylons

But oh—so few at present!  
You can rely on the shops to distribute them as fairly as possible.

The first word in Nylons



## GIVE A *Beauty* TOKEN THIS CHRISTMAS

TOKEN A: 10/6—special DEEP cleansing treatment which includes light manipulation, face massage and make-up.

TOKEN B: £1.1.0—full manipulative treatment—muscle manipulation, DEEP cleansing, feeding massage, pulsating machine, mask and make-up.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

T.1

Attach this advertisement to your cheque or postal order, and the beautifully designed Anne French Gift Token will be posted to you.

### Anne French

BEAUTY SALON

2-5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.1

It's new . . .

It's smart .

It's a **WINDAK**



Perfect not only for golf but also for walking and cycling. The new Windak 'golfer' is a lumberjacket with a feminine air beautifully tailored, with a slimming waist and sleeves set deep to go easily over a sweater. Made from gaberdine that looks and feels soft and silky but which is the same material as that

worn by men of the Airborne Division. Windproof, rain repellent, and there's a positive rainbow of colours to choose from—green, yellow, scarlet, royal blue, maroon, brown, and fawn. Ladies': Prices from 84/-. Men's: from 110/-. Please write to address below for name of nearest stockist.

**Wear a**



for sport and  
all outdoor wear

# THE TATLER

LONDON  
DECEMBER 11, 1946

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada and Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXXXII. No. 2372

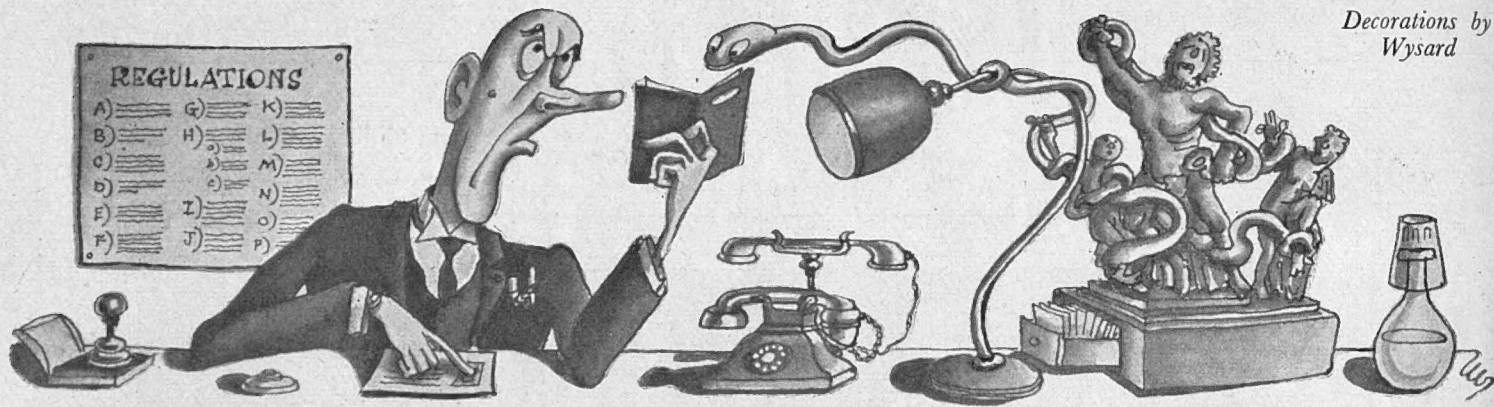


Hay Wrightson

## Lady Mary Cambridge

Lady Mary Cambridge is the only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. Her father who is the second Marquess is first cousin to the King, for her grandfather the late Marquess was a son of the late Duke of Teck and brother of Queen Mary. Her mother is a daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Osmond Hastings, son of the thirteenth Earl of Huntingdon, and married Lord Cambridge in 1923. Lady Mary is also a niece of the Duchess of Beaufort. She is twenty-two and was a V.A.D. during the war





Simon Harcourt-Smith

## Portraits in Print

SOMETIMES when I see the humbled, docile, post-war English waiting to "queue up" for their sandy cakes or their bread-ridden sausages, I remember a conversation with R—as we walked across the misty water meadows below Linsmeau in the autumn of 1938. War, it was clear, must come; but unlike most of our cronies at home in England, we could not conceive it as a glorious cauterization, the ultimate cleansing of a canker, "swimmers into cleanness leaping" to quote the gushing generation of 1914.

The diplomatic training is essentially pacifist in its consequence. It reveals to one how pitiful is Man's control of his own might, how rarely a war achieves the purpose for which it is declared. The diplomat indeed regards war rather as the garage mechanic regards a motor accident. Somebody will make money out of the episode, but the chassis will never be the same again. Pushed out of alignment, it will develop all sorts of ills—perhaps the very same ones that tortured the car which ran into it. . . . So R—and I wandering across those Belgian meadows envisaged a Germany at the end of the war striving to be free, and an England slipping willy-nilly down towards totalitarianism.

### The Gathering Menace

AT the distance of eight years I do not consider we were very far wrong. Every war brings in a tide of bureaucratic restrictions. Normally, the tide recedes with peace, but never to the original low-water mark. After the 1914-18 war passports became obligatory for all frontiers, you could no longer buy razor blades at this hour of the evening, or sweets at that. The tenacious survival of the late war's restrictions is surely much more ominous. Our responsibility for the feeding of India and western Germany, the disappearance of invisible exports, obviously preclude the sudden end of all controls. But it seems to me there is a tendency still further to increase some of them, in domains which bear no relation to world scarcities at all.

It is, for instance, bad enough that we should still be compelled to own identity cards. In that connection there now appears a fresh

scorpion to chastise us. I went the other day to my local Food Office to arrange the registration with my butcher and grocer of someone who had just come into my employ. Her ration book, however, it turned out, was not enough. I must also show her identity card. I went back and got it. I was then informed that my employee must also appear in person, to state her age and place of birth.

When I insisted on learning the reason for this extraordinary demand, the Food Office mentioned that it was caused by the compilation of a new Electoral Register! Could the wheel of democracy have turned farther in a hundred years or so? Think how the Reform



Bill mobs of 1832 bellowed for the £10 franchise as if it were the Holy Grail, and chased the Duke of Newcastle (Gladstone's first political patron) all the way to Clumber, howling for his blood. And now the precious vote is turned into an agent of the coming police State.

### Bureaucratic Drillmasters

THE symptoms of its advent are there, the material for the creation of such a régime of spying and regimentation as almost all countries east of the Rhine have known ever since the days of the Holy Alliance. Agents-provocateurs in shops and restaurants, Ministry of Food spies reporting neighbours' gossip about Mrs. Jones's extra cutlet or extra sugar. Forms, forms, forms, for pig food, and building material, and petrol and tyres.

Most people blame the present Government for these tortures. In my estimation, the ill has nothing to do with parties. The Socialists with their ideal of the omnipotent, all-providing State are no more totalitarian in spirit than are the Tories with their cartels and price rings. The real trouble is the Civil Service, the growing pretensions of the bureaucratic mentality; and those pretensions were growing just as steadily under Tory rule up to last year, as they do now.

Anyone who has served in a great department of State can understand, almost sympathize with these pretensions. The general public one insensibly comes to regard as muddle-headed and ill-informed (which is

precisely what most of them are—let's face it); and while the senior officials go in abject fear of Parliamentary Questions, the general body of Civil Servants comes to regard the House as little but an interfering nuisance. During the recesses, when the kingdom falls almost utterly into the hands of the permanent officials, all is calm, everything goes smooth as silk; and before one knows what has happened, one is secretly yearning for the bureaucratic, the mandarin State.

When the revolution comes, the vengeful crowds will not, I think, sweep against Park Lane—which by that time, in any case, will be almost entirely given over to beauty parlours where are repaired the ravages of "queueing"; but against the devoted ranks of the Home Office, the Treasury, the Board of Trade, the Ministries of Food, Labour, and Fuel and Power. . . .

### Manuel de Falla

IT was, at any rate, a laudable intention of the B.B.C.'s Third Programme the other night to commemorate with a special concert the seventieth birthday of Manuel de Falla, the Andalusian composer, and (if one be no admirer of Sibelius) the greatest perhaps in the world today, after Stravinsky. Much of Falla's music is based upon Spanish folk tunes, it is true; but somehow it never becomes "folksy" or provincial, and his *Three-Cornered Hat*, where orchestra, Picasso's décor and Massine's choreography fuse into one vibrant whole, is one of the greatest masterpieces of our times. His "Canciones populares" which poor Conchita Supervia used to sing so delightfully are superb of their kind; and I can never hear unmoved the slow movement from *El Amor Brujo*.

The B.B.C. were obviously right to give us none of these well-tried pieces, but instead some of Falla's latest works for voice and wind instruments. But why, why, Spanish sung by a Russian prima donna in an English accent?

I listened with growing dismay to the concert, in the company of a great friend just returned from Spain. He had brought with him a mass of enchanting records including a song of Falla's, "La Niña del Fuego," that intoxicated





me. They were all sung by gipsies or cabaret performers without one-tenth of the Russian prima donna's ability or technical perfection. Yet they all sounded *right*, and she, despite the well-known beauty of her voice, sounded phoney.

It is all very well for an Arthur Rubinstein to play Albeniz on the piano. But no foreigner, I hold, can properly sing Spanish songs. They cannot put into their voices that hoarse, tremulous urgency that has nothing whatever to do with vocal purity or range or production. Above all, foreigners cannot charge their voices with the atmosphere of Spain—the ceaseless, faint, recurring music that keeps one awake all through the night, just as it rendered sleepless the nights of Domenico Scarlatti, at Queen Barbara's musical court. You have got to understand a world where young rivals in love boast to each other, in Lorca's words, that each is "more valiant, more of a bullfighter, more of a gipsy" than the other; a world where women address the Piétas of Our Lord in terms reserved outside Spain for earthly passion; and a man sings that he cannot face the Virgin of the Pilar in Saragossa, because he would have to admit that he adores his girl as deeply as he does Her. . . .

#### Gongora

ONE of the Falla songs murdered the other night was his setting for Gongora's majestic "Soneto a Cordoba." Luis de Gongora y Argote (1561–1627) was one of the most curious figures from Spain's Golden Age, the inventor of "culteranismo"—a tortuous, baroque, metaphysical style of writing which almost exactly corresponds to the "Euphuisms" of the Elizabethan Lyly, and the more hair-splitting of Donne's works. Like Donne he was a priest; like him he was satirist and love poet; but he also did something which only a Spanish poet would do—he wrote songs



specially for the guitar, quite fittingly, since he came from Cordoba, where that instrument has always been held in great honour.

#### Atrocities against Gipsies

THE trial, at present going on in Berlin, of various German doctors charged with having sterilized a number of gipsies, is surely one of the most terrifying revelations of German stupidity yet unearthed. On some trumpery theory of racial purity to seek to destroy the last nomads in Europe, the last element of colour in the greyness of our petit-bourgeois world, is an act so utterly beyond all sense, that one despairs of the German mentality.

One day, in the Nanking Road at Shanghai, when Europe seemed years away, and no gay Chinese scene could cure me of my longing for it, I suddenly saw advancing through the busy crowd a gipsy caravan—four or five brightly painted wagons, heavy ear-rings, strident handkerchiefs and all; the young women flashed their dark eyes, the young men flashed their bright teeth; then they were gone; swallowed into the Chinese bustle of the streets; and I was off to some wretched cocktail party, where it was a sin to forget to say "Chin-chin," or "Here's how" and where as one raised one's glass one was offered "the other half." But against boredom I felt now well fortified by that brief sight of the gipsies. I wonder what happened to them? I hope they never wandered across the Nazi path. . . .



H.E. Dr. Cheng Tien-Hsi, the Chinese Ambassador

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

SCHOLAR of Chinese philosophy, and international Sjurist, formidable poker player and respected connoisseur of food and wines, authority on Shang bronzes and Kiang-Hsi porcelain. Dr. Cheng-Tien-Hsi has added diplomacy to the formidable list by becoming Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's, from 400 to 500 million inheritors of the oldest civilization in the world.

The China that after two thousand years of monarchy became a republic in 1912, and where printing and writing have been known for twenty centuries, generally sends to London a particularly distinguished intellectual who speaks flawless English with idiomatic grace and literary charm. The new envoy, who prefers to be known as Dr. F. C. Cheng (though he is a Confucian and not a Christian), upholds this reputation with consummate ease.

How could it be otherwise? Son of a prosperous merchant in Canton, young Cheng tired after three years in business as a Shanghai exporter of bristles, set his heart on the law, left his bride, and journeyed ten thousand miles to strange, cold London. Lodgings at 25s. a week, "all in," in Gower Street, Highbury Park, Doughty Street, Notting Hill Gate and St. John's Wood—notwithstanding, he secured a good degree at the University of London.

Young Cheng now returned to his bride, remained in China for a few months, saw old students and friends at Queen's College, Hong Kong, where he had followed Sun Yat-Sen, and turned west once more. He now worked for, and secured the honour of, a call from the Middle Temple. His friends were not surprised, of course, to hear that, in his finals, he came first in the first class in real property, and also first in the second class. Two years later young Cheng became the first Chinese to secure the London LL.D., for a thesis unequivocally entitled "Rules of International Law governing capacity to contract."

GLANCE at the well-built Ambassador, with Gimmobile eyes, composed hands and powerful fingers, as he sits in his colourfully decorated study on the ground floor of the Embassy in Portland Place (where a few decades ago was held the kidnapped Sun Yat-Sen, founder of the republic). Around him, all over the table, are documents and letters—in French, Chinese, English. Behind and by the side

are books in all the modern languages, and Chinese. Let us look at the steps of his career.

From London the young doctor went to Hong Kong, to be called to the Bar, thirty years ago. Judgeships, professorships, membership of sundry commissions (including one on extra-territoriality, i.e. abolition of foreigners' special rights in China ports) followed.

As a barrister Cheng often preferred peace to costly litigation, and, against his own interests, was notorious for settling disputes between clients. Perhaps the major influence on the future Ambassador was exercised by the years when he was China's second judge at the Permanent Court of International Justice in the Hague. When he did not help to adjudicate on the difficulties in Lithuania, he was concerned with fellow jurists from many other lands over the world-shaking problem as to the amount of water that could reasonably be drawn from the Meuse by Belgium and Holland.

ON the invasion of the Low Countries in 1940, there came a respite from serious work in Geneva. Here Dr. Cheng began his monumental and learned treatise, *China Moulded by Confucius*, which has just been published in England. It is a vigorous, stimulating work, in which the envoy shows us the sage's guidance in religion, politics, family, marriage, friendship, art, literature. We see Confucius again as the righteous judge, who five centuries before Christ exiled himself with his tiny band of disciples, rather than pander to a leisure-loving ruler.

Dr. Cheng's words on diplomacy ring in the mind; they may be simple but are they not solemnly true: "To meet frequently and talk frankly is the way to add to world understanding. . . ." His favourite saying to his children studying in London? "A fault unreformed is indeed a fault." The secret of success? For that the favourite phrase is, "To be faithful, honest, and work hard. . . ."

And the face returns to its Eastern, distant aloofness, the mind far away. For a split second, until we shake hands, we seem a civilization apart.

George Bilamkin.



JAMES AGATE

# At The Pictures

## An Overpraised Film

AN engagement to lighten the provincial darkness by lecturing to it prevented me from seeing the Press show of the Rialto's film entitled *Les Enfants du Paradis*. Then the bombardment started. Had I seen Dilys? Had I read Lejeune? What did I think of Campbell Dixon's article? Finally, a telephone message from Alan Dent saying, "You won't like the picture, but you mustn't miss it. It's very much *your* subject, Debureau, Frédérick Lemaître, the French theatre of the 'forties, and all that." I felt like asking why this shouldn't be Dilys's and Lejeune's and Dixon's subject. And then I had the mischievous thought that perhaps it wasn't, followed by the uneasy suspicion that any notice of a film which dealt with "my" subject was likely to be a biased one.

Wherefore I treated the occasion with every possible respect, choosing an agreeable, French-speaking companion, lunching him handsomely, and arriving in time. The result? I found the film very nice and boring, and at least an hour too long. It goes without saying that I am judging it by French standards and not those of Hollywood or Denham.

DEBURAU has never interested me greatly, probably because he was a mime, and miming bores me. "Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin." As far as I am concerned Hamlet said the first, last and only word to be said about miming. Early in the nineteen-twenties one saw Granville Barker's version of Sacha Guitry's play about Debureau. I turn up my notebooks and find that, despite the play's allusions to Hugo, Jules Janin and the resurrection of Marie Duplessis, the original of Dumas's Marguerite Gautier, the play was dull. Or so I told readers of the *Saturday Review*. Possibly a contributory cause of dullness was the fact that Debureau was played by Robert Loraine, a good four-square actor but as Pierrot about as wistful and moonshiny as a policeman on point duty.

FREDÉRICK is another matter. I do not believe, and nobody is going to make me believe, that Lemaître was a tragedian, any more than I ever took Irving to be a tragedian. Their forte was melodrama, and they were masters at it. Frédérick's beginnings were Kean-like in their lowliness; even the youngest of our film critics must know that he owed his emergence from pantomime and circus to

a stroke of inspiration, the burlesquing of the villain in *L'Auberge des Adrets*.

The world, I suppose, will never again see anything like Frédérick's Macaire, the defect of which were scarcely felt, says G. H. Lewes, "because the colossal buffoonery of that conception carried you at once into the region of hyperbole and Aristophanic fun which soared beyond the range of criticism. It disgusted or subdued you at once. In every sense of the word it was a creation. For the peculiarity of Robert Macaire is the union of a certain ideal grace and *bonhomie* with the most degraded ruffianism and hardness, as of a nobleman preserving some of the instincts and habits of his class amid the instincts and habits of the galleys and the pothouse." In terms of English acting, Irving with a dash of Lewis Waller and more than a touch of Sid Field.

The picture did all this very well, and having tasted blood I wanted more. I wanted the master of pathos. I wanted to see this great actor as the gambler in Victor Ducange's popular drama, *Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur*. "In this part he goes through all the stages of the gambling mania, from the victim's twentieth to his fiftieth year; sinks down into poverty and crime, goes about begging, a ragged, crook-backed *lazzarone*, with nothing left of all that he once was—except his expressive eyes. He is given a loaf, and told to cut as much off it as he wants; the first slice he puts into his pocket with a '*pour ma famille*' that sets all hearts a-quiver; but when, later on, after committing a murder, he brings gold home to his wife, and replies to her anxious questioning with: '*Je l'ai trouvé*,' a murmur runs through the audience as if an abyss had suddenly opened before our eyes." Pure Irving. And of course I wanted a taste of Hugo's greatest interpreter in *Hugo*.

IN the film I was fobbed off with *Othello*, which Lemaître is made to play like a chimney-sweep in a temper. (Lewes says that Frédérick's sublime tragic effects—what the French critics called *ses explosions*—left him wholly unmoved.) I wanted to see this actor in decadence, when the fire and charm had gone and he had no classical training to fall back on. He died of cancer of the tongue at the age of seventy-two, and I wanted this picture to give me that farewell performance which death cancelled, and Victor Hugo's oration at the graveside. This must have been the reverse of the scene in *La Fin du Jour*, for here was Hugo saying farewell not to



(Above) Mr. Loring (Ray Milland) and his wife (Teresa Wright) with Mr. Gladstone (Gordon Richards). (Below) Lord Montglyn (Melville Cooper), and Lucy (Joan Winfield), one of the dancers



## The Troubles of a Victorian M.P.

**M**rs. Loring's Secret is an American-made romantic drama about Victorian England. Ray Milland takes the part of David Loring, a young M.P. who marries Millicent Hopkins (Teresa Wright), a dancer, against the advice of his elder brother Lord Belmont (Sir Cedric Hardwicke). The advice proves to have been sound, as the M.P. loses his seat owing to his pretty wife becoming accidentally involved in a murder case, a breach of prudence at which Mr. Gladstone raises sad and shocked eyebrows

Teresa Wright and Virginia Field in "Mrs. Loring's Secret"





a Cabriassade but to an actor of genius:

"He is the last of the great actors in point of time, the first in honour. No actor has ever been his peer, because, in the nature of things, none *could* be his peer. Those others, his predecessors, represented what are called heroes, what are called gods. He, thanks to the age in which he was born, was *the People* . . . was untameable, robust, pathetic, stormy, fascinating as the people. He was Tragedy and Comedy alike. Hence his universal power. . . ."

In place of this, a sentimental imbroglio not worth unravelling.

WELL, I suppose I am committing the old fault of not liking a picture because it isn't the picture I wanted to have and like. If I were not passionately interested in Lemaître I should probably babble with Dilys about this film's crowd scenes, and agree with her that this is less a film than "a painting which has also the attributes of a film." (But I know Carné can do crowds; they went on and on until I thought I should run shrieking into the street.) The plot, in so far as this film had any, turned out to be one of those dreary, complicated sentimentalities that the French adore. Now I didn't believe a word said or looked by the woman all the fuss was about; nor did I believe in the murderer who, for a private revenge, killed a man in a Turkish bath and then rang for the police to come and have him guillotined. If I could have believed these things I should doubtless be going off the deep end with Lejeune, "as flies to wanton boys," etc. etc.

Every moment when Jean-Louis Barrault was miming was exquisite; every moment when he was not miming was to me intolerable. (I hate *chichi* posing as virility.) Pierre Brasseur as Frédéric was admirable up to the point when the film made him stop being Frédéric; and Arletty, supposed to be a drab, sailed about with the decorum of Madge Kendal and peeping half the time through a ridiculous veil. With the exception of Louis Salou's aristocrat, I had no belief in any of these characters. Had I been able to believe, I might have rhapsodized with Campbell Dixon about this picture of Parisian Bohemia in the 1840s and "an age when nerves were cultivated like orchids, and playgoers turned pale with ecstasy at a cadence."

Odd, by the way, that Balzac, writing of this very period, suggests nothing at all resembling this picture. Can it be that he comes more easily to my finger-ends than to other and more cultivated digits? Can the Paris of *The Human Comedy* be more my subject. . . ? With maximum felicity my space runs out here. I have just room to say that if Lemaître had not been "my" subject I should have been delighted to ride off on some highfalutin' nonsense about "visual rhythm."

## Ingrid Bergman as Joan of Arc

INGRID BERGMAN is now appearing in the Broadway play *Joan of Lorraine* by Maxwell Anderson. The story has a modern angle, and this fine actress portrays St. Joan in a play within a play. She is here seen wearing her long silk robe, decorated with the fleurs-de-lis of France, in the scene in which she pledges her weapons of war to God after her great victories against the English. It is a great contrast to her film roles, but she shows herself equally accomplished on the stage







*The Happy Reunion.* The Hon. George d'Alroy (Clement McCallin) returns to his faithful widow Esther (Iris Russell)



*Old Father Eccles* (Morland Graham), who drinks all his daughter's money away

The  
"Caste" (Lyric)

THE theatre is becoming more and more like a family album. Week after week some enterprising management undoes the clasp, and its thick cardboard pages, gilded at the edge, turn back through the years. They bring to light the high jinks of our fathers, or of our grandfathers, or it may be of their fathers, and somewhat wistfully solicit for them affectionate remembrance. "Social history without tears!" is the motto of the managers today; and some of the lessons admittedly are very agreeable.

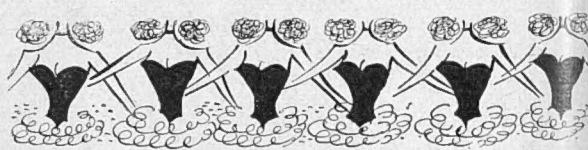
This one, for instance. Tears there are, but all of the author's compelling. Tom Robertson's *Caste* was received in the sixties as an anti-romantic portent, "a return to nature." To us, of course, it is a pleasingly romantic affair, a return to that delicately simple stage artifice which no true playgoer, however sophisticated, can resist. Almost from the moment the curtain rises the author's sympathy with his characters wins our confidence. Why should we be ashamed to wear our hearts on our sleeves for once? How, in any case, can we help doing so? Robertson's observation is kindly but shrewd. His sentimental situations were charming when the Bancrofts first played them at the Prince of Wales's, and they are charming still because they make the very most of the stage resources of a particular convention.

WHAT a fine fellow is George D'Alroy, the Guards officer who comes courting in a London basement! How sweet a lady is Esther Eccles, the dancing girl whom he marries! *Caste*? What difference does it make when hearts are true? See how bravely beneath the haughty maternal eye of the Marquise de St. Maur she buckles on her George's sword when his regiment is ordered to India. See how she and her madcap sister, Polly, guard George's baby when, in poverty now, they believe George to be slain.

Esther in her widow's black, Esther kneeling beside the cradle, Esther in George's arms when he returns to tell of



## In brief -- THE "TATLER" THEATRE GUIDE



### Straight Plays

**And No Birds Sing** (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender as the man who loves her in spite of them.

**Grand National Night** (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley is in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

**Pick-Up Girl** (Casino). Semi-documentary which takes place in a court for juvenile delinquents, very powerfully put over.

**Vanity Fair** (Comedy). Claire Luce superb as Thackeray's attractive and mercenary heroine, with Victoria Hopper as Amelia.

**The Guinea Pig** (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

**Message for Margaret** (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

**Fools Rush In** (Fortune). Derek Farr, Glynis Johns and Joyce Barbour in another very entertaining story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

**The Gleam** (Globe). Warren Chetham Strode's play on another of today's problems, the National Health Service, with Wyndham Goldie and Elspeth March.

**Lady Windermere's Fan** (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans, Griffiths Jones and Geoffrey Toone in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

**Caste** (Lyric, Hammersmith). Beautifully acted and produced revival of the comedy-drama of T. W. Robertson originally presented in 1867. Story is about the result of marriage between the stage and the aristocracy.

**The Winslow Boy** (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Alan Webb.

**The Old Vic Theatre Company** (New) in *King Lear*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Pamela Brown and Alec Guinness.

**The Skin Of Our Teeth** (Piccadilly). Vivien Leigh in Thornton Wilder's history of mankind in comic strip.

**Lady Frederick** (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

**But For The Grace Of God** (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

**The Shop At Sly Corner** (St. Martin's). Good thriller with a surprise ending and some first-rate character acting from Arthur Young.

**Fifty-Fifty** (Strand). A farce about a factory run by

the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

**The Poltergeist** (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

**No Room At The Inn** (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

**Clutterbuck** (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

### With Music

**Sweetest And Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall as deliciously malicious as ever in the third edition of this revue.

**Perchance to Dream** (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

**Song of Norway** (Palace). Operetta on the life and music of Grieg; not authentic but colourful. Fine singing by John Hargreaves, Janet Hamilton-Smith and others.

**Under The Counter** (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

**The Shepherd Show** (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.



# Theatre

Hammersmith)



*The Marquise de St. Maur (Elliot Mason), who has the gallant exploits of her ancestors for ever on her lips*



Caricatures by  
Tom Titt

*The Gallant Captain Hawtree (Frith Banbury), whose affectations hide a kind heart*

a warrior's escape, Polly flirting with Captain Hawtree and tenderly loving her gas-fitter Sam, Captain Hawtree himself, a cynical dog at first, but a gallant friend when the pinch comes—for all these romantic aspects of his story Robertson devised situations which are wonderfully telling still. A *coup de théâtre* was not with him the end of a scene: he exploited it with something even better.

There is a cry of "milkaow" and a knock at the door. "Come in," cries Polly to the milkman—and in walks with the milk can the husband poor Esther had given up for dead. But even this stroke is less admirable than the ensuing passages in which Polly gives way to hysterical joy and then with the tenderest imaginable artifice breaks the great news to her sister. "I confess," said A. B. Walkley, a critic whose sophistication no actor of his day had any reason to doubt, "I cannot read these scenes without tears"; and at Hammersmith they are effectively played.

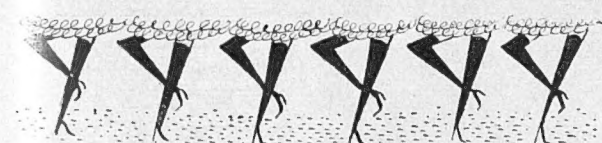
THE Company of Four have sensibly refused the broad and easy path of burlesque, playing the piece for what it is worth and not for the modernist sniggers they might have induced by caricaturing their parts. Robertson does not let them down and much of his natural gaiety and sparkle, much of his affecting kindness of outlook, appears in their performance.

Miss Brenda Bruce, as the warm-hearted, high-spirited Polly is naturally the life and soul of the stage, and she tries very hard, and on the whole successfully, not to let a part of almost overwhelming vitality get out of hand. Mr. Morland Graham, involved in the drunken humours of that amiable old rascal, Eccles, triumphs over a similar temptation with apparently effortless ease. Mr. Bill Rowbotham, a prodigiously lively and accomplished young actor, is an excellent Sam Gerridge. There is, in short, nothing seriously wrong except Miss Elliot Mason, who is exquisitely miscast as the Marquise; and she, good actress that she is, does all that may be done against the grain of temperament.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



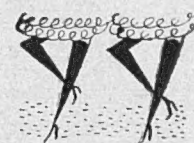
*The Cockney Couple. Sam Gerridge (Bill Rowbotham) and Polly Eccles (Brenda Bruce) celebrate good fortune*



## BACKSTAGE

with

Beaumont Kent.



AFTER acting in *Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?* (which ends its record run at the Duke of York's on Saturday) for most of its 950 performances, Ralph Lynn is taking a brief holiday before appearing in a new Ben Travers' farce in which he may be joined by his old associate Robertson Hare.

The honeymoon frolic has made theatrical history in many ways. Its author Vivian Tidmarsh, who was killed during an air raid, never lived to see its success, but it has earned a large sum for his widow. Toured originally under another title it proved no great shakes, but Lynn took it in hand, added his own funny ideas and a new title and turned it into a record-breaker.

It is the longest run in which he has ever appeared, beating the famous score, twenty-four years ago, of the Arthur Valentine-Will Evans' farce *Tons of Money* with its 737 performances, and such other long runs as those of *It Pays to Advertise* and *The Cuckoo in the Nest*.

MOST of the material in *Between Ourselves* (Playhouse next Monday) has been written by Eric Maschwitz to the music of Norman Hackforth, but some of the items have been supplied by Alan Melville and other experts.

The principals include Betty Ann Davies, Zoe Gail, George Benson (who was in the recent Beatrice

Lillie revue) and Bill Fraser whose last appearance was in *Fresh Faces* early in the war, after which he went into the Army.

A feature of the revue will be the miniature *corps de ballet* trained by Beatrice Appleyard. Each of the six coryphées is a solo performer. They will dance to Bach, but there will be no tap dancing.

PANTOMIME producers are usually hustlers, but few have done such a quick job of work as Jack Hylton whose *Red Riding Hood* opens at the Adelphi on Boxing Day with Noel Gordon (from *Big Ben*) as principal boy, and Nervo and Knox.

Hylton didn't decide to give the West End its second pantomime until November 29, and then came the tremendous task of casting, selecting the music, designing and ordering costumes and scenery and the rest of the complex business, all of which he directs from his office on the fourth floor of His Majesty's Theatre.

In addition to this he is producing *Romany Love*, the Victor Herbert operetta with George Graves and Helena Bliss (who played the lead in the Broadway production) which opens at the Opera House, Manchester, on December 23, and *Peter Pan* at the Scala on December 20 with Mary Morris as Peter.

ARTS THEATRE plans for the new year include a revival of Ibsen's *The Master Builder* (with

Frederick Valk and Valerie White) and a four months' season of Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*.

International Ballet who are having a Christmas season at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, beginning on December 30, are planning to add a full-length production of Tchaikowsky's *Swan Lake* to their repertory. It will be produced by Sergueff and William Chappell is designing the decor.

Harry Welchman, Renée Kelly and Tristan Rawson are among the cast of *Treasure Island* which will have morning and afternoon performances at the Whitehall, beginning on December 23.

IN my young days magic was almost as seasonable a holiday entertainment as pantomime, but there hasn't been much Christmas magic of recent years. So I am glad to know that Jasper Maskelyne, reviving the glories of Maskelyne and Devant in London for the first time since before the war, has taken the Westminster Theatre for a season opening on December 23.

During the war this good-looking representative of a famous family of magicians was a major in the Intelligence Corps and, appropriately enough, he worked on camouflage and deception at Alamein, in Italy and the East.

With him at the Westminster will be his twenty-year-old son, Alastair, and he tells me that he hopes to establish a permanent London home of magic.



## Film Critics at a Literary Luncheon

Two hundred people were present at a recent Foyle's Literary Luncheon at the Dorchester when Miss Dilys Powell, the film critic, and Mr. James Agate, gave witty and thoughtful speeches on some of the current questions which are agitating the film world. Miss Powell and Mr. Agate are seen here with Mr. J. Arthur Rank, the chairman. The film stars Margaret Lockwood and Stewart Granger were also present



## Farewell Party to Lady Welsh

Lady Welsh, who is relinquishing the Directorate of the WAAF, was the guest of honour at a party given by Dr. Simpson at the Simpson Services Club. On the left she is seen with the new Director, Air Commandant F. M. Hanbury. Three of the guests (right) were Air Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Coningham and Major Huskinson, M.C. (centre)



## The Society of Yorkshiremen Dine

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire receiving the Earl and Countess of Halifax at the thirty-fourth annual dinner of the Society of Yorkshiremen held recently in London. The Duke is President of the Society. Other guests included Lieutenant-General Sir Philip and Lady Christison, Lord and Lady Bingley, Sir Martyn Beckett, Lady Dorothy Meynell and Lady Constance Howard





Three costumes designed by William Chappell for Marie Burke in  
"The Shephard Show"

## SELF-PROFILE—

# Marie Burke by Marie Burke

I AM always being taken for an Australian, but I am London bred and born, and proud of it. My work has taken me all over the world, but I always longed to get home to the one and only London.

I worked a great deal in Australia, of course, and have loved it. I have grand friends there. They are a very kindly people, and if they like you they make a great fuss. My husband is a New Zealander, and it was on his business that we went to Australia early in 1939—then war came and I had to remain because he went to the Army. Believe me, it was a nightmare being away from my daughter, Patricia, when the bombing came to London. Many hearts were heavy for our dear ones. . . .

From my earliest childhood I had always wanted to act or sing or play. At a very early age I told my mother I was going to be an actress, a singer or something, but whatever it was I was going to be world-famous. I remember I used to dress up, usually in my mother's clothes, or anything I could lay hands on, and parade and parade. I always went in my trains and feathers that bobbed up and down. Like every other child in those days, I was taught to play the piano, and after a very bad start with a peculiar little Frenchman, who, accidentally, made me weep bitter tears, I got on like a house afire with an excellent German professor, who thought so highly of my pianistic quality that he tried to persuade my father to send me to Vienna to study with the great Letichitsky. But my father was a realist and had little time for the artistic side of life.

I'm afraid I neglected the piano after this and tried to become interested in the mysteries of business, but not very successfully! My good fairy got busy then, and a singing voice suddenly developed. My mother, bless her! who had always encouraged the artistic kink in my make-up, helped me with my lessons, and, thanks to her, I was able to give all my time to it.

I HAD a little concert experience, married, and when my beloved Patricia was a toddler I met C. B. Cochran—who liked me, heard me sing and gave me my chance on a London stage. The play was *Afgar*, the theatre the London Pavilion, and it was a success. What a green-horn I must have been in those days! I could sing, I was very young. That's all. Dear C.B. took a great chance, and he and I got away with it. Bless him!

Since those days I've played in everything from Variety to Grand Opera. Yes, one of my greatest thrills was standing on the stage at Covent Garden acting and singing with Lawrence Tibbett with Eugene Goossens conducting. A great memory. But I have still to be discovered as a straight actress. I do wish someone would take me seriously.

Thinking back, I've worked with many of the finest people in the world. One of my happiest times was touring with Dame Sybil Thorndike. I admire her so much. We are great friends. I've known Noel Coward longer than I care to admit—I used to listen to some of the first melodies he composed. Then there were Easthope Martin, Mme. Guy D'Hardelot (the composer of "Because," whom I always thought was a man), Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern. Oh, yes; I could go on, and on, and on.

*Show Boat*, of course, will always be one of my happiest memories—Drury Lane with all its famous background, that wonderful cast; that famous droll Herman Finck, always a smile from him in the pit and a good joke after the show over a drink; the voice and the quiet charm of Paul Robeson; the redcoats with powdered hair and black satin knee-breeches, white stockings and buckled shoes holding the lovely curtains—in short, everything that made that famous theatre so fascinating to work in. Memories, charming memories.

I PLAYED at the Center Theatre, Rockefeller Center, New York, in *The Great Waltz*. Hassard Short, one of the most successful English producers in America, produced it there and in London. We ran in New York for fourteen months. American audiences are very fond of English artists, and I found them appreciative and great lovers of singers and singing. Australian audiences, too. Great lovers of the theatre they are, but they've been starved because the war stopped the flow of English and American companies. All that can now be altered, of course, and a great welcome awaits artists there.

A memory which will cheer me when I'm an old lady in my armchair will be my E.N.S.A. tour, especially Burma. I shall always see the sunburned, smiling faces of our green-clad soldiers under starlit skies, seated on the ground, in the trees, on the limbs of battle-scarred palms lighting their cigarettes, making me think of glow-worms—their rousing cheers and their wonderful thanks, the autograph signing and the chatting about home. A memory all the money in the world couldn't buy.

I did a lot of broadcasting on my return to London and I liked it, but I do dislike studio audiences. They distract me.

And now I'm back on the London stage again and it's good to hear a London crowd say "Welcome Home." I hope I can stay put for a while, but I have a strain of the gypsy in me. . . . Meanwhile, *The Shephard Show* continues to pack them in and I am getting on famously with the four distinguished gentlemen—Arthur Riscoe, Richard Hearn, "Monsewer" Eddie Gray and Douglas Byng—of the show. We have a lot of laughs, and, surely, don't we need them these days?







*The Collegers start out for their traditional game against the Oppidans. Their spick-and-span appearance did not last long when the game got under way*

## THE 106<sup>TH</sup>—AND MUDDIEST—ETON WALL GAME

ST. ANDREW'S DAY at Eton this year was one of the muddiest in history. The famous playing-fields were a quagmire, although the three needed for the Wall Game, the Lower Boy House Cup, and Field Game were not actually flooded. The Wall Game, the high-light of the day, was once again a draw. The College had a strong side, but with the mud, which slowed down the play, they could not force a win. Very soon after play started it was difficult to distinguish the players, and by the end it must have been difficult for the most devoted mother to recognise her offspring! The Lower Boy House Cup was won by Mr. Mayes' House, and after lunch there was the usual Field

Game, this year reverting to the pre-war tradition of a match between Oxford and Cambridge Old Etonians, which also ended in a draw. Between the two matches Sir Oliver Leese made a presentation to the school, in the Macnaghten Library on behalf of the Old Etonian Association, of a painting by Mr. Eurich of H.M. the King knighting the Provost, Sir Henry Marten, on the steps of the Chapel during the Royal visit in 1945.

AMONG those I saw walking around were the Duke and Duchess of Grafton, with the Duke's two younger sons, Lord Edward and Lord Michael FitzRoy, who are in Mr. Peterson's house. Lady

Cayzer came down from Kimpurnie Castle, Angus, to see her only son, James, who is in his second year at Eton. Stephen and Julian Gibbs were walking round with their mother, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Gibbs. Stephen had played for the Wall Game in the morning. The dance which had been arranged to take place in the evening in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors was unavoidably cancelled, so the day ended earlier than usual with lock-up at five o'clock.

*Jennifer*



*The game in progress. The ground was the muddiest in memory, and it rained hard at times during the game. Players were plastered from head to foot, and it became impossible to distinguish Collegers from Oppidans*



AND BYSTANDERS  
DECEMBER 11, 1945



*Mrs. H. Simonds and Lady Hilbery, wife of Sir Malcolm Hilbery, the judge*

*Major and Mrs. T. V. Booth-Jones, who were well equipped to challenge the weather*



*Mrs. Booth-Jones chatting to Mrs. Charles Beckwith during a moment when the clouds cleared*



*Lady Cayzer and Miss Angela Cayzer, sister of Sir James Cayzer, Bt.*



*Mrs. R. Haig, Col. D. Lloyd Lowles and Mr. C. M. Oxley*



*The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Gibbs and her son Stephen, who was one of the players*



*Dr. J. D. Simpson, Mr. J. G. D. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson at the Wall Game*



*Mr. David Whitfield and Miss Susan Kegein*



*Mr. D. E. Coleridge, Mrs. G. C. R. Coleridge and Miss A. P. Coleridge*



*The Duke and Duchess of Grafton and the Duke's two younger sons*



*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE small dance which the King and Queen gave at Buckingham Palace was a highly successful and thoroughly enjoyable party, as such functions always are when Their Majesties are the hosts. Just over 200 guests were invited, most of them members of the

### BUCKINGHAM PALACE DANCE

younger set who are friends of Princess Elizabeth, and dancing continued from 9.30 to after 4 a.m., at which time both the King and Queen and the two Princesses were still among the dancers—a rare departure for Princess Margaret from her usual early hours.

Before the dance Their Majesties gave a small dinner-party, at which there were about eighteen guests, including the Duchess of Kent, Viscount and Viscountess Mountbatten and their younger daughter Pamela, Crown Prince Olaf of Norway and his Princess, Viscount Lascelles, the young Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, daughter of the sixth Marquess of Lansdowne, and several other of the Princess's closest friends.

The dance itself was in the Bow Saloon, with the buffet supper served in the adjoining Grand Hall, as has been the case with all the Palace dances since the war, because the larger, more formal apartments on the first floor, including the ballroom and the ball supper-room, are still not ready for use, though there is some hope now that they will be in order again by the time the King and Queen return from South Africa next year. Dancers familiar with the Palace—and most of the guests who had been before—noticed one change in the white-and-gold walled Grand Hall. The two paintings by Winterhalter of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort are missing from their places on either side of the entrance from the Bow Saloon. The portraits are away at the exhibition of Royal paintings at Burlington House, and their places have been temporarily taken by similarly-sized paintings of George III. and Queen Charlotte.

One of the happy couples on the dance-floor were young Lord Brabourne and his bride—formerly the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten—making their first appearance together at the Palace since their marriage.

CROWN PRINCE OLAF and his Princess, who have been staying some time in London, have been seen about a good deal in the West End, accompanying Queen Mary to the theatre, and shopping in the mornings. They were recently the guests of honour at a reception

### ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB

given by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, to mark the decision to resume international deep-sea yacht-racing, a sport in which Prince Olaf, who learned to sail when he was quite a small boy, has been one of the leading figures for many years.

At the party he made a short speech, pointing out how much good in the way of international friendship can come from the keen but happy rivalry of amateur yachtsmen—a sentiment strongly echoed by Admiral Viscount Mountbatten, who, with Viscountess Mountbatten, was another guest. Though he is not generally regarded as a sailing man, actually Lord Louis throughout his naval career has taken the keenest personal interest in small boats, and when he was in destroyers just before the war, never missed an opportunity of taking part in inter-ship sailing races.

Most remarkable figure among the scores of well-known yachtsmen and women at the Royal Thames was the Commodore of the Club, Lord Queenborough, who received the guests. At eighty-five, with his active sailing days well past, he still takes a lively part in the affairs of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal Thames and the Royal London Yacht Clubs, of all of which he is probably the senior member.

Others at the reception were Mr. Glenn Terrell, the deputy chairman, with his wife; Major H. J. Davis, and Mr. Charles Taylor, the Member for Eastbourne, and his attractive wife.

Senhor Pedro de Galindez and Senhor Edwourda de Ubao were two Spaniards at the reception. They were over for the conference on international deep-sea yacht-racing. Other international guests were Vice-Admiral Soares Dutra from Brazil, M. Rene Odier from Switzerland, and M. Rote Haellstron from Finland.

THE DOWAGER LADY SWAYTHLING, one of the most charming hostesses of to-day, recently gave one of her delightful small parties at her nice house in Kensington Court. Lady Swaythling has the knack of always mixing interesting people from all spheres of life at her parties,

### AT HOME

and looks after her guests, introducing them all round. This time, among others I met were members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Services, the American Navy and the ecclesiastical world. The guests strolled from the lovely drawing-room to the fine panelled dining-room, where I found the most fascinating flower arrangement—a large, round, antique bottle with anemones arranged under water! Very original and effective. They had been arranged, I believe, by the hostess's butler, who, like her other servants, has been with her many years.

The Chinese Ambassador, accompanied by Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi, was chatting to Lady Wakehurst, who returned to England last year after an absence of eight years abroad with her husband, who was Governor of New South Wales. Princess Galitzine was conversing in French with Mme. Acikalin, the Turkish Ambassador's attractive wife. Lady Kennet was chatting with Lady Effie Millington-Drake, who had brought her attractive second girl, Marie, to the party. The Bishop of London and Mrs. Wand, Lady Suenson-Taylor, Mrs. Wright, who was the Member for the Bodmin Division of Cornwall from 1941-45; the Mayor of Kensington, the Icelandic Minister, Lady Gould-Adams, the Luxembourg Minister and his charming wife were a few of the people I saw at this delightfully informal and friendly party.

JUST over a year ago a group of friends opened an interior decorating business which they called George Spencer Decorations. Mrs. John Churchill, wife of John Churchill, the artist and mural painter, and Miss Peggy Hancock, of

### BIRTHDAY PARTY

Congham Hall, Norfolk, became the two managers. Recently they gave "George Spencer's" first-birthday party at their premises in Sloane Street, to celebrate a year of great success.



Lady Winefrida Elwes and Her Six Sons

Lady Winefrida Elwes with her six sons, five of whom are colonels. They are Lieut.-Col. Rudolph Elwes, M.C., Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Elwes, T.D., Lieut.-Col. Simon Elwes, Lieut.-Col. Guy Elwes, O.B.E., the Very Rev. Monsignor Valentine Elwes and Lieut.-Col. Richard Elwes, O.B.E.

Robin Adler



The Duchess of Luna and Her Children

The Duchess of Luna is the wife of the Naval Attaché at the Spanish Embassy, Commander the Duke of Luna. He has been Attaché since August 1943. With the Duchess are Pilar, Alvero, Javier, Luis and Alfonso. She and her daughter Pilar have recently returned from a visit to Spain



Among those I met in the crowded room were the Duke of Marlborough; the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale with the Marquess's two daughters, Lady Georgina Coleridge and Lady Frances Hay, and the Marchioness's two daughters, Miss Rosemary and Miss Anne Nettlefold. The Hon. Mrs. Andrew Shirley, who writes under the name of Mary Dunn, was there with her husband. Mrs. Senior, the Hon. John Fox-Strangways, and Count and Countess Orsich were others there.

WHEN I met Lady Dalrymple-Champneys the other day she told me arrangements were well ahead for the Actresses' Gaiety Ball, a dinner-dance from 8 to 12 p.m. which she is organising at the Dorchester on December 16th in aid of the W.A.B. This promises to be a gay affair, the highlight of the evening being the Naughty 'Nineties Fashion Parade.

**NAUGHTY 'NINETIES BALL** Arranged by Douglas Byng, the parade will show authentic dresses of the period used in recent films. They are to be worn by eight beauties of today, including Pat Burke, Margaretta Scott and Jeanne Ravel. Jack and Daphne Barker are going to give their Naughty 'Nineties song, and Marie Burke is helping, too.

Many of the guests are coming in dresses of the period which belonged to their mothers and grandmothers, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys will be wearing a lovely dress worn by Margaret Lockwood in a recent film of the period. The band is entering into the spirit of the evening, and such old favourites as "Daisy, Daisy," "Beside the Sea-Side" and "My Irish Molly" will be played.

An eager and attentive audience listened to the two very interesting and witty speeches made at the recent Foyle Luncheon by Miss Marys Powell and Mr. James Agate. The subject was "The Critics and the Public," and no people could have been better qualified to talk on this subject. Miss Powell, tall and attractive, wearing a long brown corduroy coat and a little Juliet cap, spoke first. One of her points was that a good film critic must be a real film-lover, which we all know she honestly is. She spoke not only amusingly but sincerely, and kept everyone enthralled for twenty minutes. Mr. Agate followed with one of his very clever and humorous speeches, which drew many laughs.

**LITERARY LUNCHEON** Miss Christine Foyle, in a bright scarlet coat and little black cap, was an able hostess, and managed to place the 200 guests who were eager to attend this luncheon. Among those I saw were Margaret Lockwood, very glamorous in pink, sitting beside Stewart Granger, and Jig. Smyth, V.C., who had Mrs. Arthur Rank on his right. Mr. Arthur Rank took the chair, and on his right sat Mr. Louis Golding, the novelist, who also writes for the films.

THE Cotswold Hunt held their Subscribers' and Farmers' Ball in Cheltenham recently. It was a very cheery affair, and over 400 dancers kept the ball going until the early hours of the morning.

Among those who brought parties were the Misses May and Violet Wilson, who are the new Joint-Masters of this hunt. Twins, the Misses Wilson are so alike that their friends find difficulty in telling them apart, for they always dress alike, and when mounted they both ride side-saddle. This is not their first pack of hounds, as they took on the Mastership of the Woodland Pytchley in 1937, where they were most popular, and carried on during the difficult war years, only resigning this Mastership in 1945.

Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Marten, who was Joint-Master of the Cotswold from 1928-34, brought a party from his charming home near Whittington. Mr. and Mrs. Euan Mews brought a party including Major Peter Herbert and his attractive wife. Others who brought parties were Lt.-Col. Lloyd Harford, Capt. and Mrs. Shennan, Major Sydney Villar, Mrs. Mayne, Major and Mrs. Hicks-Beach, Capt. N. Reynolds, Mrs. Trevor Price, and Mrs. Seldon-Truss. Next day hounds met at Pusedown Inn, where a large field enjoyed a really good day.



Mrs. Barbara Klein, Lord Burghersh, the Earl of Westmorland's elder son and heir, and his half-sister, Miss June Capel



The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at the reception. The Duchess is a daughter of the first Marquess of Cambridge



Sir James Douglas, Bt., who succeeded his great-uncle in 1935. He is the bride's half-brother



Lady Rosemary Dunn, the bride's sister, and her husband, Lieut.-Cdr. D. F. H. Dunn, R.N.



Colonel the Hon. Algernon Stanley, brother of the Earl of Derby, and his wife, Lady Mary Stanley



Mr. John Seyfried, Royal Horse Guards, and his bride, Lady Kathleen Eliot, daughter of the late sixth Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Scott-Douglas, of Luckington, Chippenham, Wiltshire. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Seyfried

**MR. JOHN SEYFRIED WEDS LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT**



## AN ACTOR AND HIS



*A recent addition to the family is four-months-old daughter Hayley*



*The Mills Family Enjoy Life at Their Attractive Denham Home*



*Bunchie enjoys having her parents as an admiring most professionally on*



*When John Mills has finished a long day at the studio he likes to amuse his young daughter, Bunchie, whose real name is Jacqueline. An important family pet is the golden cocker Hamlet*

## The Mills "Team"

IN recent years, John Mills has become one of our foremost actors both in the theatre and in British films, and can always be relied upon to give a first-rate performance in any production in which he appears. His most recent stage successes have been shared with his wife, dramatist and actress Mary Hayley Bell, in whose brilliant plays, *Men in Shadow* and *Duet for Two Hands*, he gave two of the best performances of his career. *Duet for Two Hands*, is, incidentally, to be produced on Broadway very soon. He will next be seen in the film adaptation of Dickens's *Great Expectations*, which has its London premiere on December 16th. John Mills became a star the hard way. He does not come from theatrical stock, so there were no family



## PLAYWRIGHT WIFE



Photographs by George Konig  
audience as she sings them a nursery rhyme, seated  
the corner of the piano



Smoky, the Siamese cat, is Bunchie's favourite pet. She is following in her father's footsteps and has acted already, in John Mills's current film, "So Well Remembered"



John Mills enjoys a tankard of beer and reads through James Hilton's novel  
"So Well Remembered," from which his new film is adapted

### Take Their Leisure

contacts to open the doors to theatrical managers and film studios. A job as commercial traveller helped to tide him over until he got his first chance, a small part in *The Five O'Clock Girl* at the London Hippodrome, and then while on tour in the Far East he met Noel Coward, who gave him his big opportunity in Cochran's 1931 revue. His films include *In Which We Serve*, *We Dive at Dawn*, *This Happy Breed*, *Waterloo Road* and *The Way to the Stars*.

Mrs. Mills, who was born in Shanghai, has that first-hand experience so useful to a successful playwright, for she studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, has toured Australia with Fay Compton, and was for three years with Sir Seymour Hicks





### Singing Ambassadors

These French choirboys—"The Little Singers of the Wooden Cross"—recently gave a recital in London. Numbering forty-five, they have travelled all over the world and have made a great impression wherever they have performed. They are shown during rehearsal at the French Institute, on the morning of their London recital



## Priscilla of Paris...

LAST week I wrote from Aix-en-Provence, that exquisite but rather sad little town of many fountains. The famous Hôtel du Roy René is open again and there were more G.B. cars than I could count in the garage. The barman has not lost his cunning with the shaker, and the food, even after the never-to-be-forgotten lunch, *chez la mère Germaine*, at Château Neuf du Pape, was excellent.

After an early dinner we went for a stroll in the narrow streets of the old town, with their tall, silent houses and grilled windows, already closed and dark at nine o'clock. Not a soul was abroad; only a few cinemas showed their neon lights. How early provincials go to bed—or bridge-tables—in France.

We agreed to make a fairly early start to Nice, and meet next morning at eight o'clock in the hall. At five minutes past six trouble started. A loud pounding at my door got me out of bed with a jerk. A pretty but dishevelled young friend with whom I was travelling was in the passage. "Two *agents de police* have come to take Pierre to their headquarters!" she gasped. I dashed to the rescue, firmly convinced that someone had gone mad. In his room, annoyed but giggling, I found Pierre, our travelling companion, hurriedly dressing. There were two policemen in uniform waiting outside his door. They refused to answer questions, and simply said they had orders to convey him to the Commissariat "to be questioned."

I TOLD them they had no right to come along in uniform and create a scandal, for by this time half the guests in the hotel were goggling over the banisters. They shrugged their shoulders in the irritating Gallic manner that invariably makes me see red, and a few minutes later Pierre was haled off to the police-station, where, we were told, we might follow at eight o'clock.

We were there on the stroke of the hour, with sandwiches and a vacuum-flask of coffee, for the boy had not had any breakfast.

Of course, the head *commissaire* was not there. We saw all his underlings in turn. They were polite, but excessively hush-hush, and although I have been acquainted with Pierre, who is a well-known antiquarian with a shop in Paris, for many years, I began to wonder whether he had a corpse on his conscience or whether he had been robbing the Louvre!

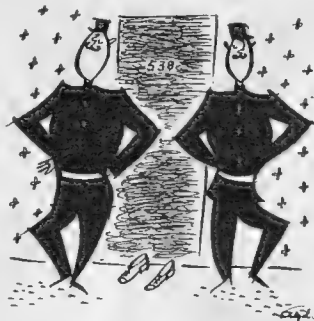
By this time he had managed to convince the underlings that he was all that his various identity papers pronounced him to be. I put in my word weightily also, and he was allowed to come and wait with us for further developments. The telephone-wires vibrated between Aix and Marseilles, and headquarters at Marseilles decided that they would send someone

over to do some questioning also. Marseilles is about fifteen miles from Aix, so that it takes a moderately fast car half an hour to cover the distance.

Nine o'clock, ten, eleven and twelve struck. The underlings apologetically told us that they had to go to lunch, and would we kindly do the same, but that their victim must go down to the lock-up. Of course, they graciously granted we might send his dinner in from a nearby restaurant. We did so, but, as may be imagined, we were all

too angry and worried to be extremely hungry. We realised that this was a case of mistaken identity, for Pierre's name is as common in France as Smith, Jones or Brown in England, but it was uncomfortable not knowing what he was accused of and wondering when Marseilles would deign to send their inquisitor along.

To cut a long story short, the Marseilles worthy arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon. After an hour's palaver he decided that there had "probably" been a mistake and kindly "permitted" us to depart. The man they were looking for was twenty-five years old—our companion is thirty-three—and was accused of having worked for the Gestapo at Rennes, where our Pierre has never been. This preposterous business left us all feeling like limp rags, so we retired to the Roy René, where an



### Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit" Opens in

After its immensely successful run in London "Blithe Spirit" is now being performed at the Madeleine Theatre in Paris with an all-French cast. Robert Murzeau is shown as Charles Condomine in the scene where he is being discussed by the spirits of his two wives, Elvira (Simone Renant) and Ruth (Renée Devillers), while Mme. Arcati (Jeanne Fusier-Gir) operates psychically on the maid



## ... A Brush With the Authorities

excellent cocktail and some little birds *sur canapé* helped to revive us. I have never in all my life spent such an uncomfortable twelve hours.

NEXT day we continued on to Nice, where I enjoyed the familiar run over the Esterel, Miss Chrysler taking the steep hills in her stride. One sees but little change. Forest fires have done damage. The front, along the Croisette at Cannes, shows gaps; and where are all the lovely yachts that used to decorate the harbour?

I had hoped to stay at the old house we have sold and where I have been arranging for the sale of furniture, the despatching of certain pieces to Paris, others to the Farm on the Island... but I had not reckoned with countless broken windows, tiles off the roof, smashed doors and burst pipes. We were lucky to find rooms at the Luxembourg, a pleasant hotel on the Promenade des Anglais, next door to the Palais de la Méditerranée where, the same evening, we saw the Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo dance before a very dull audience, for this is the off-season and the *beau monde* has not yet arrived.

If the house had been at Cannes I might have taken refuge at the Sunny Bank Hospital, where the Committee has placed, exceptionally, a few rooms at the disposal of British visitors, habitués of the Riviera, whose villas or usual hotels are being repaired. This is a boon to so many English persons who are deterred from coming south by present financial and food difficulties.



Nice has changed very little, and one can only be grateful for the disappearance of the horrible pier on which stood the Casino de la Jetée. But I weep that Vogade's is no more, or, rather, that it is now the Cintra, with not a single crystallised comfit or a candied apricot. The flower and fruit market is as gorgeous as ever, but it is better not to write of the price of everything.

For local cooking—a thought garlicky, unless one mistakenly says "No!"—it is well to go to that picturesque little *caboulot* in the shadow of the cathedral, known as Da Bouttau. Unless one is there by 7.30, one must wait till nine o'clock for a table. The narrow room, with its timbered roof, from the beams of which hang branches of olive-trees, is crowded. Perched on the balustrade of the narrow stairs that wind to an upper storey, a good-looking youth plays the accordion pianissimo. The wines are excellent, the fish soup pluperfect; steak with peppers and fried potatoes a dream... that later may become a nightmare for those of poor digestion.

A more sophisticated place is the Cabaret on the sea-front. Pretty-pretty lights. Fish swimming in illuminated aquaria on the walls.

BEING a cinema fan, I went one evening to the only English talky theatre in Nice, the Edouard VII., and found a waiting queue half a mile long. Touring companies are at the theatre, and the opera gives the usual *Faust* and *Manon* programmes. But this, I repeat, is the off-season. Wait until Christmas. There are grand times ahead.

## Voilà!

● The Grand Opera Orchestra at Nice was rehearsing. A gloomy newcomer had joined them. His enchanting strains amazed his colleagues, but despite their congratulations his look of despair remained.

Afterwards the conductor asked him privately: "Can I do anything? Are you in trouble?"

"Oh, no," said the man simply, "only—I hate music."



## Paris Under the Title "Jeux d'Esprits"

Noel Coward with members of the cast after the Paris performance of "Blithe Spirit," called "Jeux d'Esprits" in Paris. The translation was made by Virginia Vernon, who has made many successful translations of British plays into French, with Jacques Nathanson co-operating. The play is proving a great success in its French version and a long run seems assured, as its wit strikes a chord very congenial to the French temperament.



## From the Folies Bergère

Daisy Daix, star of the Folies Bergère, who has been signed up by a Broadway producer, paid a hasty visit to London before leaving for the United States, and among other activities found time for a session with the pigeons in Trafalgar Square. She has made a great reputation at the Folies and has been hailed as a new Mistinguett.



## NEW PORTRAITS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY



*Their Majesties the King and Queen with the Two Princesses in the Bow Room at Buckingham*

# Y AT HOME



*Her Majesty the Queen*



*Their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose*

*Photographs by Dorothy Wilding*

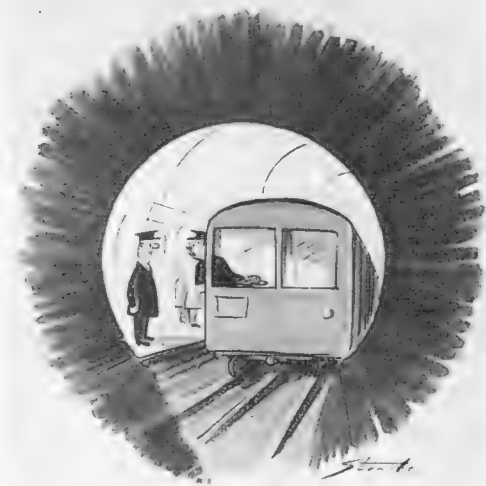


## D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

## Standing By ...

EVERYONE will agree with the Swiss Government that next time there's a passenger-plane crash in the Alps it will be quicker and cheaper to leave everything to them, instead of having earth and sky and the eternal snows full of the Efficiency Boys falling over each other. But there is a far more serious matter still to be dealt with, our spies at Rosenlaui report.

In due course those two Swiss guides who were publicly kissed by excited girl passengers, and admitted liking it, will have to appear before the Alpine Club of Great Britain, which is largely composed of dons of fierce and arid chastity. The Club's procedure in a somewhat similar scandal of the 1860's will naturally form a precedent. Extract:



"Sometimes I feel like a blooming mole"

(789) THE PRESIDENT: She brazenly invited you, an accredited Alpinist, to stay and lay your weary head upon her breast. Did you strike her instantly to the ground?

(790) ACCUSED: No. (*Murmurs in Court.*) I had no time. I shouted "Excelsior!" and hurried on.

(*Several clergymen shake their fists. A member of the Bear Club is sick.*)

(791) PROF. TWITTERS: No doubt you were badly shaken, but what made you shout "Excelsior" when the comparative of the adverb "excelsè" is "excelsius"?

(*Uproar. Six closely-printed pages of bitter argument follow, after which:*)

(907) THE PRESIDENT (sternly): You appear to be weak alike in Latin and morals. Were you at Harrow? (*Uproar.*)

## Footnote

IT turned out that the accused was an ex-Notre Dame wing-threequarter and a Rhodes Scholar, which explained his un-English attitude towards revolting indecency; so after being warned off the Bernese Oberland for the next six seasons he was merely discharged with ignominy. What will happen to those rugged but lascivious Switzers nobody knows.

## Rage

A RECENT street-fight due to a citizen's having accidentally trodden on another citizen's foot in a London bus leads one to the melancholy conclusion that a year or so of the New Utopia has already made the Race so bad-tempered that it's a good thing duelling has gone out.

But would the risk of sudden death improve the Race's temper to any extent? The most idiotic duel in our rough Island story, so far as we know, occurred in 1803. Two dogs met in Hyde Park. A Colonel Montgomery said to a Captain Macnamara, R.N., a complete stranger: "Call your damned dog off." The Captain said: "Your damned dog started it, so you can call him off first." The conversation proceeded:

"If you don't take your damned dog off I'll beat him."

"If you want to beat my dog you'll have to beat me first."

"That's not the way to settle it. Pistols are the weapons for gentlemen. Here's my address."

That same April evening the Colonel and the Captain met on Primrose Hill. They were both crack shots. The Colonel took the Captain's first ball in the breast and died in agony five minutes later. The Captain was winged in the groin and recovered. At the Old Bailey in due course a jury found him not guilty of manslaughter despite the judge's direction, thus ending a very pretty little exhibition all round, and a great warning to pestilent fools (not you).

## Purge

THAT recent decision of the Art Commissar of Soviet State Circuses to improve the crosstalk of Russian circus-clowns is far more comic to a Western ear, we sadly guess, than anything that may result from it.

Having listened carefully to many bilingual Russians, Tsarist, Nihilist, Marxist, and Trotskyist, drunk and sober, making playful cracks in Montparnasse and Bloomsbury; having carefully studied the Great Russian Comic Novel, which is Gogol's *Dead Souls*; having in fact done everything reasonably possible to get a line on Russian fun from the outside, our conclusion is that the Russ and the Kipling Sahib are blood-brothers in humour, reeling in the same inextinguishable laughter over very, very tiny practical jokes. But unlike the Kipling

Sahib, the Russ can be gorgeously funny when he is deadly serious—for example, that cavalry officer with flaming eyes who offered the Crown of England to G. K. Chesterton during a London air-raid, being part of a simple plan for saving the world by placing a poet on every post-war European throne, since poets never quarrel. And the earnest Marxist boys can be far funnier, as everybody knows.

## Wash

WHETHER a sweetheart who recently suggested the foundation of a University Chair for the laundry-trade was fooling the ham-faced populace or not we can't discover. However, it will be a breath of fresh ozone to the comics.

Anyone trying to trace the Laundry Joke back to its source comes to a stop at Madame la



"I want a clockwork engine suitable for a man of forty-five"

Maréchale-Duchesse de Danzig, née Lefebvre, who used to begin half her sentences at glittering Imperial receptions with "Listen, when I was a washerwoman..." Before the Duchess's time few people thought laundrywork funny. As silk or cambric was ruined just as speedily by the traditional French process of whacking it with wooden bats in running water as by the most modern machinery, any jokes on that topic must have worn thin centuries before Napoleon. However, the Duchess of Danzig was so fat, jolly, hoarse, unself-conscious, charitable, and such a perfect dear that she probably started the comic boys off again.

A Chair of Self-Laundering at one of the Universities would be no bad idea, for a start. Many dons are under the impression that thinking keeps their necks clean.

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

AMONG the pupils in a high-school chemistry class was a lad who had a tendency to monopolise discussions. The teacher decided that such a troublesome habit should be called to the attention of his parents. On his report card he wrote: "Allen is a good student but he talks too much."

Several days later the report was returned. Underneath the teacher's comment the boy's father had added: "You should meet his mother."

THE vapid youth seated himself in the dentist's chair to have a tooth extracted. He wore a wonderful striped silk shirt and an even more wonderful checked suit.

He also wore the vacant stare that so often goes with both.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," said the dentist to his assistant.

"Why?" asked the assistant. "Do you think his heart is groggy?"

"No," said the dentist, "but just look at him. How will I know when he is unconscious?"

THE business man entered his usual restaurant, seated himself at his usual table, and ordered sausages as the first course.

He had just commenced eating one sausage when he discovered that it contained a piece of motor-tyre. Calling the waiter he angrily demanded an explanation.

The waiter, well trained, had a ready answer.

"Yes, Sir," he said in his suavest tones. "We are proud to demonstrate our progress. It's just another example of the motor-car replacing the horse."

"WHY did you get a divorce?" asked Brown.

"My wife called me 'Idiot,'" replied Green.

"That's not sufficient cause for a divorce."

"Well, you see, it was like this. I came home and found my wife in the arms of the chauffeur, and I said, 'What's the meaning of this?' and she said, 'Can't you see, you idiot?'"

THEY had recently acquired a dog, and were proudly demonstrating his good points to a visitor.

"Mind you," said the man of the house, "I know he's not what you would call a thoroughbred, but no tramp or burglar can come near the house without his letting us know about it."

"What does he do?" asked the visitor. "Bark the place down?"

"Well, no—he crawls under the sofa."

## Fragrance

YET one more attempt to analyse Hitler's temperament and character recently appeared in one of the dailies, getting one (we fear) no further. Such *exposés* invariably fail to suggest how Hitler's character might have been altered for the better while there was yet time.

We made a modest shot at this ourself during the war, inspired by one of the Fleet Street girls who babble so fragrantly in rhyming prose. It started off pretty dulcet but took a tough turn midway, almost imperceptibly:

If Hitler ever saw a daisy, I think—don't you?—he'd go quite crazy; he'd sob and cry so bitterly and kiss that flow'ret fair to see, and then he'd start his life anew behaving as the daisies do!

I told this pretty thought today to an old lady sweet and grey, and as I turned to trip for home I felt a poker strike my dome! Then as I staggered off half-dead I heard an inner voice which said: "She knocked you bowlegged, dear, because your message outraged Nature's laws!" So now, preparing for the worst, I always boff my stooges first, and that is why, in all the racket, I am The Girl That Makes The Packet.

As a matter of fact, the sweeter the poem (in Fleet Street) the tougher the baby, so let it ride (we thought, as the ground heaved and rocked), let it ride.

## Realist

LOOKING somewhat down his pale, sensitive snuzzle at a new ballet-symphony which imitates the fun at an Australian aborigines' jamboree, a critic remarked that if the function of symphonic music were to imitate, Beethoven might have scored the Pastoral Symphony for a cow.

Who knows? Indeed, who knows that Beethoven didn't want a real cow actually on the platform? His agent may have had a tough time dissuading the imperious maestro, if the truth were known.

"I wouldn't have a cow, not if I were you, boy."

"Listen, in London——"

(Here Beethoven relates for the fifth time how "Hamlet" had a record run at Drury Lane because a real doggie ran across the stage in Act III.)

"Yeah, well, the saps would think a cow was some old haybag soprano dolled up, old Squallini somebody."

"Not when it said 'Moo!'"

"Especially when it said 'Moo!'"

(Here Beethoven's agent imitates a cow singing a coloratura passage, showing the tittle or no difference.)

"Well, in London——"

The result would probably be a compromise arrived at over lunch, such as having a noted prima donna singing "Moo!" offstage and making the orchestra wear sunbonnets and clank milk-buckets; or, better still, taking the whole orchestra off halfway and letting a herd of cows loose on the platform. How can one be certain of anything in this matter, except that the lunch would be on Beethoven?



"BOO!"

Scarl



John Deakin

## A Figure in Films

MISS OLWEN VAUGHAN is one person with three completely different jobs. She runs the French Club in St. James's Place, which is much patronised by the British film intelligentsia, and is responsible for film coverage from every angle on UNRRA relief throughout Europe. She also runs the new London Film Society, which is the only organisation in Great Britain for showing early classic films. The Society has just finished a fortnight's season of French classics, which included such choice offerings as Fernand Leger's *Ballet Mecanique* and the films of Melies, the first fully to understand and exploit the possibilities of trick photography in the early years of the century





Neck-and-Neck at Plumpton

Neat jumping at the first hurdle in the Westmeston Novices Hurdle at the recent Plumpton Meeting. The race was won by Miss F. Clark's Toy Train, ridden by T. Isaac. Much advantage was felt from the well-drained and turfed course after the heavy rain, and the going, though heavy, was not unduly so

## Scoreboard



IN an age which condemns one man to pass half his waking life standing on the same spot with the same spanner, and another to be assisted on his way to eternity by half Harley Street, the all-rounder is dying out. Lord Wavell does his best; in the intervals of anthologising what may one day rank

as the last intelligible era of poetry, pondering upon Messrs. Gandhi and Jinnah, and recording his great campaign in North Africa, he plays a brisk nine holes of golf with his aide, George Abell, who was himself a rugger and cricket Blue in the days when work and carelessness could still go happily married in the City of the Dreaming Spires.

The recent death of J. H. King, great but little-sung all-round left-hand cricketer of Leicestershire, must have stirred many memories, like the ghosts when earth's light was let in to the realms of Avernus; memories of the reign of

cricket's magnificos—Ranji, Fry, Jessop, Jackson, H. K. and R. E. Foster, A. O. Jones, Spooner, Bosanquet, Tom Hayward, Braund, Rhodes, Arnold, Lilley, Jack Hearne the elder; all playing in one match together, Gentlemen v. Players, when none bothered to feel insulted by the title; at a Lord's Cricket Ground where, but a few years earlier, any member might wander, amicably or in agreeable error, into the Secretary's office, read the list of the team for the next Test without feeling that he'd cribbed a Cabinet secret, then jingle off in a hansom-cab to home, beauty and a bottle of the best.

A MIGHTY match, that Gents. v. Players of forty-two years ago. Far from being dazzled by the galaxy was Mr. Hesketh-Prichard, a fast bowler who had most of the professors on the hop with his rockets in their second innings.

The Gents. needed 412 to win. A century by Ranji, which robbed the critics of their last bushel of epithets, uncovered the sight of victory. With 12 runs needed, Hesketh-Prichard, the last uninjured man, joined A. O. Jones and did not leave him. Fine work for one who was primarily a novelist and explorer. Raffles himself could hardly have done more, not even

under the stimulus of a row of rozzers watching from the front row of the pavilion.

BUT the hero was our J. H. King. He hadn't been asked, but was scooped up from the ground-staff on the morning of the match, as a substitute for Johnny Tyldesley. His answer was a century for the Players in each innings, all off the meat and nothing barred.

Sixteen years later, in his fiftieth year, on Weston-super-Mare's little ground of the beckoning marquees, King won a match for Leicestershire against Somerset. We needed but 143 in our second innings, but King wouldn't have it. He did the hat-trick with numbers 8, 9 and 10—Jack White, Ernest Robson, Jim Bridges. The last man reached the crease as if by levitation. With the right eye shut and the left on the tree-tops behind mid-wicket, your none so humble servant yanked that fourth ball into the road. But no Hesketh-Prichard he. Caught and bowled next over by Ewart Astill, as gently as a turtle-dove.

*R. C. Robertson Glasgow*



Oxford University XV. and Old Merchant Taylors Before Their Recent Match

Oxford, at time of writing easy favourites for the University Rugger match at Twickenham, and so far undefeated this season. Standing: C. G. Gilhorpe (England International), S. C. Newman, G. L. Cavell, J. M. McSwiney, R. Cooper, A. Stewart, M. P. Donnelly, M. A. Girling. Sitting: C. D. Williams, P. B. C. Moore, A. B. Harcourt, J. O. Newton-Thompson (captain), M. A. Sutton, B. H. Travers, W. H. J. Summerskill

Old Merchant Taylors, who lost to Oxford by 47 points to 3. Their England International, T. F. Huskisson, has now rejoined them after long Army service. Standing: Cameron, Pearson, J. Ratcliffe, J. N. Easton, Lowe, G. H. Gilbert, G. H. Fisher, D. B. Clark, M. Seymour (referee). Sitting: W. A. Gluck, H. Harold, T. F. Huskisson, N. M. Wyndham-Smith (captain), G. Huskisson, A. J. Sharpe, G. W. Booth

*D. R. Stuart*

## Pictures in the Fire

# Sabre-toche

IT is good to know from a Society paragraph that our well-beloved Heiress-Presumptive was enabled to witness a performance of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's opera *Iolanthe*. We were intrigued to be told that a Lord Chancellor "figures prominently" in the story. If one may venture to say so, His Lordship is the whole show. It is, however, fortunate that the future Queen of England should know all about Lord Chancellors. This dignitary in *Iolanthe*, having fallen in love with one of his wards, seriously debated the question as to whether, if he married her without his own consent, he could be committed for contempt of his own court. So many true words are spoken in jest that one hesitates to presume that such a situation may not arise in the future, and therefore any information, however conveyed to a high authority, must be welcome.

### Ouida's Guardsman

THE "naughty" Victorian novelist departed to a planet, let us hope, less "naughty" than this one, many long years ago. Her Guardsman never lived. He was just as much of a figment as those dashing cavalry officers, John Strange Winter's "Bootles" and Rudyard Kipling's "Gadsby," the hero who insisted upon his charger being given a bucket of water before going on parade, and then shortened his leathers so that his knees were hard up against the wallets.

It is obvious, however, that some people think that Ouida's officer was, and is, quite real. The less unimaginative remember him mainly on account of his astounding aquatic performance when stroking a 'Varsity crew. We recall how "though all rowed fast, none rowed faster than stroke." How difficult he must have been to follow, and how he must have taxed Coach in the matter of swear-words.

Another far less remembered exploit of the hero of *Under Two Flags* (he went from the Grenadiers to the Foreign Legion) was what he said to his steed in the Grand Military (I think, for it is so long since I read the book), as he went in to the last one, which, incidentally, was placed dead on the winning-post, I suppose so that the judge could see that there was no dirty work. He said to his horse, which, of course, he had backed with his last doubloon: "Kill me if you like, but don't fail me!" Rather fatuous, for he would have lost his stuff anyway.

That Ouida fence has stuck in my memory; it was a rasper worse than Becher's, then a real yawner deep as The Pit, and on the other side a flight of rails, "a fence no steward ought to have set," and one which I am quite sure the stewards of the N.H.C. will not copy. However, that's the way Ouida thought they came in the Brigade of Guards. And now, we have someone else who believes that Ouida knew!

### Pegasus in Form Again

THIS horse was tremendously popular in the times of Bellerophon, Athena, and some other artists, and eventually he managed to fly to Olympus. Now, in this moment of his renaissance, all that he promises to do is to have his pipe-opener on Newmarket Heath to-morrow morning, and run in the Melbourne Cup the next afternoon. This is pretty good going, and, according to our indefatigable friend "Warren Hill," by no means fiction. The machines are practically ready and have got "generous City backing," which means that this idea is not just moonshine, because the City still buttons up its pockets at even the suggestion of a wild cat.

In any case, these new transport planes guarantee to carry anything, bar giraffes. Elephants are not excluded, neither is the "hypothetical" horse who stands 17 hands 5 in. He would be a bit "hypothetical," because 18 hands 1 in. racehorses are in the outsize class. They would never get round

Tattenham Corner, and would be completely useless at places like Chester, Windsor and "Ally Pally." However, I do not think we need worry, in view of the guarantee about elephants.

### There is a "But"

AT the moment we do not know whether a air-sickness would overtake a horse in the same way as sea-sickness does. Without entering into excruciating details, it can be stated that the sea has often a far worse effect on a horse than it has upon you and me—you, that is, because I am the reincarnation of the Captain of H.M.S. Pinafore. A horse cannot be vulgarly sick the same as we can, and consequently he feels much worse and suffers more lasting damage. You and I, even unaided by a piece of string and a hunk of fat pork, can, in time, get rid of it, and even sit up and sip a glass of Extra Sec and nibble a dry biscuit; not so the unfortunate horse. He has to go on feeling sick, and we all know how very disconcerting that is.

What the air would do to elephants or even kangaroos I do not know, but the very thought of an elephant getting sick causes an unpleasant sensation about the third waistcoat button. Those who know both kinds tell me that air-sickness is more devastating, therefore it must be awful, much worse than how we feel when the gallant ship goes in standing leps from the top of one billow to the top of the next one. I suppose we'd better stop talking, because, frankly, I am beginning to feel rather sea-green. I hate to revert, but do you remember the humble Scotsman who suffered from a severe inferiority complex? He said, "Theer was they wi' their pairtridges and their pheasants, and there was I wi' me parritch, and me parritch, and me parritch! Mon, I was feer shamed!"

### Et Militavit!

THE rest of the phrase is "non sine gloria," and I can think of very few to whom it applies more fitly than to the newly-appointed Honorary Colonel of the 18th King Edward VIIth's Own Cavalry. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Walter Cowan is one of the bravest I have ever met, and though Shepherd the Sapper may run him pretty close, I think the gallant seaman wins, because the former All-England Racquets Champion was much younger when The Frontier knew him so well.

Hitherto I have believed that the doughty "Core de Lion" was the outstanding Horse Marine, but now I believe that Walter Cowan wins again. He went into this last deadly scrap when he was over seventy. The citation in the Gazette gives the record of his service till his capture by the "Iti's" at Bir Hacheim, but it omitted to mention that they had not the guts to go in and get him until he had fired the last clip of his ammunition. The Little Admiral was Secretary of the Warwickshire for many seasons, and none ever went bolder than he did over that strongly-enclosed country, and I am sure no one loved fox-hunting more. Game as a pebble!

### "Ay di me . . ."

SOMEONE who used to go top of a famous hunt in the Midlands until she broke a thigh, sends me the following little hunting note: "Sport here rotten. I drove to the meet this morning; there were only twenty people out; four of the whole lot I knew and the other sixteen I had never even seen before. George, the huntsman, is alone in his glory. The first Whip got a kick and could not come out, and there is no second. Little Blank is still the nominal Master, but as he has to keep his nose so close to the grindstone he does not come out hunting these days." All this of a country in which we used to think a field of 200 on the small side, and the Master not only rode right up to their sterns, but knew what a foxhound ought to be and how to breed him. Ay di me Alhama!



Sir John Molesworth-St. Aubyn, of Pencarrow, with his younger daughter Prudence



Mr. H. Molesworth-St. Aubyn, Sir John's brother, talking to Mrs. Magor, of Polzeath



The Master, Gen. E. G. W. W. Harrison (left), talking to the host, Capt. R. H. Hall, and Mrs. Hall



Mr. R. James and his daughter Joy chatting with Will Graddon, the huntsman, at the opening meet of the North Cornwall at Hamatethy St. Breward

The North Cornwall Hounds Meet





An Old Essex  
Tide - Mill

*Picturesque, and of considerable historic interest, the tide-driven mill at St. Osyth, in Essex, is threatened with demolition. Both the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings and the Georgian Group had hoped to have it scheduled for preservation. There are very few surviving examples of this type of mill in Britain, and that at St. Osyth was built in 1713 on the site of a still older mill. It was damaged by bombing during the war*

## BOOKS REVIEWED by ELIZABETH BOWEN

"The Year of Stalingrad"

"Mist on the Tagus"

"The Blue Danube"

"Good Films and How to Appreciate Them"

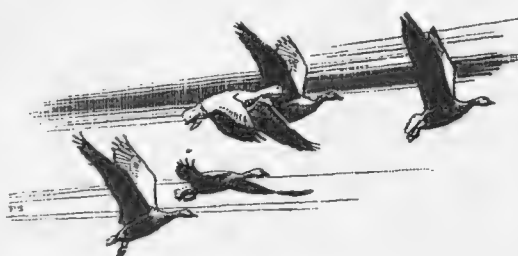
WE admit it is difficult, these days, to know what to think or say about the Russians. It is really not necessary to say anything; but it is imperative that we attempt to think—to form some picture, to diagnose a state of mind and feeling apparently foreign to our own, to arrive at least at some idea of the Russia which has emerged from war. Enthusiasm—which fighting Russia commanded from us *ad lib*—is always so much easier, as well as more enjoyable, than fairness. Also, fairness, one may feel, should be mutual. Fairness implies a considerable moral height: some of us may feel unable to aim so high; even so, leaving the thing at that, it would appear a matter of common sense that we should, in so far as we can, inform ourselves about Russia.

Alexander Werth's books have been of the first value in this way: to his official status as *Sunday Times* correspondent in Russia during the war, he adds the qualifications of being a Russian-speaker, of having spent his childhood in what was then St. Petersburg, and of having kept, in his after years, a way of approach to the Russian people in which intuition and shrewdness both play their part. He has already given us *Moscow '41* and *Leningrad*. The latter, which remains vividly in my memory, was not only the story of a siege, but a piece of first-rate interpretative and creative writing. Now comes *The Year of Stalingrad* (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.). This, if in the immediate sense less attractive than its predecessor, is, one cannot doubt, even more important.

*The Year of Stalingrad*, though it covers a year of war, ought not to be classified as a war book. It belongs, more, to that new, significant

and still rather small group which give us such facts about yesterday as may account for, even help to elucidate, the problems of to-day. We are given a cross-section of Russia in 1942—her most crucial year, the most crucial year of the war. (Strictly, the story begins with the writer's voyage to Murmansk, in a convoy, in the late spring of 1942, and ends with his visit to the shell of Stalingrad early in February 1943, only a few days after the fighting ceased.) The centre, but not by any means the whole, is the months-long Stalingrad battle—we have this, as it were, ringed round by matter less dramatic but not less interesting. We are, in fact, given an almost miraculously wide view of the Russia in which that battle was being fought—the reactions of all sorts of people, the rise and fall of morale, the day-to-day changes in propaganda, the rumours, the current stories, the plays and books that met the mood of the moment, even the jokes.

MR. WERTH does not overlook the importance of small things; which he sees, and places for us, in relation to larger ones.



His diary—extracts from which form a substantial portion of the book—contains much that is entertaining, pictorial, unexpected, but nothing really irrelevant to his central theme. Wide interests, quick observation, and an obvious gift, on Mr. Werth's part, for entering into conversations and starting friendships, all give humanity to *The Year of Stalingrad*. He conveys, to me at least, the impression that the lighter side of civilian life in Moscow 1942 was not unlike that in the London of the same year—crowds and bands in the parks, girls doing their best to be gay in shabby clothes, an increased avidity for music, ballet, plays and the cinema, and almost everyone reading *War and Peace*.

Civilian Moscow, one is allowed to gather, had not (compared to other Russian cities, most notably Leningrad) played, during its hour of danger, a particularly heroic rôle—October 16th, 1941, had witnessed some discreditable scenes: "high-ups," according to some observers, being the first to bolt from the threatened city. Stalin's refusal to budge, however, stabilised fluctuating morale. Possibly because of this loss of face, possibly as the aftermath of its severe fright, 1942 Moscow struck Mr. Werth as subdued.

I must not, however, give the impression that *The Year of Stalingrad* is a collection of jottings. These are, really, no more than the fringe of the vital stuff. Demonstrably, what happened in Russia in 1942 has been the determining factor in Russian behaviour since. It was in that special year that there crystallised the U.S.S.R. with which we have now to deal.

For one thing, the failure, as Russia saw it, of the Allies to come out with a 1942 Second Front set up a resentment and a suspicion of

which we have not yet combated the effects. On top of this there was the affair of Hess—absolute confirmation, to Russian eyes, that there was in powerful British circles a pro-Fascist clique whose existence had to be hushed up. The position of Allied, and particularly of British, war correspondents became, Mr. Werth tells us, increasingly difficult as the U.S.S.R.'s hopes of a Second Front receded.

It is remarkable that, in the face of this, our author seems to have had unimpaired access to persons, places and, most of all, documents. *The Year of Stalingrad*—written, it is true, in 1945—contains material once only available to officers of the Red Army. Were it only from the military point of view, this book should be of the first importance. Mr. Werth explains why the Red Army abolished political commissars, thus ending "dual control," and describes the emergence of a new type of officer, to whom was restored gold braid and, one can but feel, something of the accompanying mystique. He has also interesting passages on the recognition of the Orthodox Church; and on religion generally in 1942 Russia. He enters into the special problems created by the racial complexity of the U.S.S.R.—the Germans hoped to profit by possible hostilities and fissures; and, to counteract this, special propaganda from Moscow had to be issued to Asiatics. Russia lived in fear of surprise attack by Japan. . . . How far did the old idea of "Holy Russia" regain its hold, during that year of crisis, on the modern, swept-and-garnished Soviet-Russian soul? Mr. Werth discusses this. He shows how Russia invoked her age-old heroes, and created new (if not revived ancient) saints.

FROM HOPKINSON'S *Mist on the Tagus* (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.) is a straightforwardly, staidly written novel with an elusive theme. The time is immediately pre-war; the scene (as you may infer) Portugal; the characters are a group of non-Portuguese visitors to a fishing village which has become a resort; and the action takes place inside a fortnight. Caroline Page, an English girl on her own, makes the acquaintance of—or is, strictly, connected by—a quartette whose background appears to be chiefly French, who speak English and who are full-time good-timers. Unlike her new friends, Caroline not only sunbathes, she swims—something goes wrong, and she is saved from drowning by a golden-haired refugee German called Robert.

One Austen's Emma was not alone in looking upon a rescue as a most hopeful prelude to a romance—and so, in *Mist on the Tagus*, to an extent, it proves. To an extent, because the romance is tragically one-sided: Caroline lays siege to Robert, almost secures his love, but is ousted by his pre-existing attachment to his friend, Leo. Had Leo not been absent at Estoril, Caroline would not even have got so far. As things are, a nightmarish situation results. For some reason, however, the story—though brilliant and subtle in its atmosphere and its descriptive passages—is not as humanly moving as it should be.

Mr. Hopkinson, inevitably, is handicapped by the delicacy of his theme—or, at least, by the necessity to treat it delicately. The ambiguity, for instance, of Bettina's and Caroline's conversation on the subject of Robert and Leo seems unlikely—these girls are modern; if Caroline is not sophisticated, Bettina certainly is. Brusque, if far from unfriendly



### A Second Novel

Miss D. A. Ponsonby, whose first novel, "*The Gazebo*," was so successful last year, is publishing another, "*Sophy Valentine*," this month. Like the first, it has an eighteenth-century setting. Miss Ponsonby is, in private life, the wife of Lieut.-Col. John Rybot, R.A., and lives at Wimborne, Dorset

realism would, surely, rather, have been the note struck? I also doubted whether, in real life, any girl who had knocked around the world could be so naïve or so optimistic as Caroline. Though we do, of course, know her type, the girl with the rescue-complex—a type which always rides for a fall.

Really, I think the weak point of *Mist on the Tagus*—a novel so good in most ways as to be worth quarrelling with—is Caroline. She does not annoy one, but she fails to convince. Actually—though this is not to appear till the end—it is her creator's, Mr. Hopkinson's, whole point that she *should* be an unconvincing character. She has made herself—by running away from home at the age of sixteen, by changing her name from Hazel to Caroline, by adopting what she, academically, supposes to be the correct way of life for a modern girl—and, as so often happens with self-makers, some essential element has got left out: she is a psychological (as opposed to mental) defective.

She fails to retrieve Robert for the same reasons for which she fails to interest, deeply, the reader. Had Mr. Hopkinson showed his hand with regard to Caroline on the first page instead of almost the last, *Mist on the Tagus* would be all that it ought to be. . . . His description of the briefly-appearing Leo, on

page 72, is, by the way, a triumph: seldom, in fiction, does a character who does not actually "come in" till towards the end stand up so well to his preliminary legend.

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—light, fantastic as he apparently is—is a novelist more and more to be reckoned with. An air of effortless, of sophisticated over-naïvety about his writing could be, and may have been found, exasperating: for English readers his name was for some time connected, chiefly, with his *New Yorker* sketches. What remains disconcerting about Mr. Bemelmans is that while seldom serious he is often tragic—both the hero and the finale of his *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* had an eruptive oddness under their drowsy dignity.

Now, we have another novel from him—*The Blue Danube* (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.). The scene is Regensburg, on that river—a wartime Regensburg, where the once happy beer gardens no longer ring with laughter and light music, but with the clicking of Nazi heels, where the beer is thin, the grass shabby, voices guarded and low. Overcast is the day on which, as happy relief, a plump, clean pink pig on a raft sails down the river. Gauleiter Stolz yells commands, the anxious Burgomaster loses his umbrella in an attempt to hook in the raft as it passes under one of the narrow arches of the bridge. The raft touches land on a mid-stream island; and the pig—hungrily and admiringly watched by the assembled citizens of Regensburg—gets up and slowly walks ashore.

It is the inhabitants of the island who are from now on to hold the centre of the stage—old Anton, his couple of spinster sisters, and their niece, Leni. These four and the island on which they dwell officially do not exist at all—a fact infuriating to the Nazi bureaucrats of Regensburg. For several months of each year, during the spring floods, the island submerges, leaving no trace—and a piece of land which is not there all the time must be taken as not being there at all. There, undisturbed and, apparently, undisturbable, Anton and his relatives live by the growing and sale of radishes: while the island is not there they make off into the forest.

Inevitably Anton, during a day in Regensburg, comes into conflict with Herr Stolz: soon, we have the forces of light and darkness arrayed against each other. On the islanders' side are three lovable other persons: the Bishop of Regensburg, Frau Saltner of the beer garden, and the French Prisoner. . . . That *The Blue Danube* can, should you wish it, be taken as an allegory, does not in any way make it a less good novel. There is a spectacular "miracle" at the end.

"GOOD FILMS AND HOW TO APPRECIATE THEM," by Jimpson Harman (Film Critic of the London *Evening News*), is a *Daily Mail* School-Aid Publication, in the "Young Britain" series, price 1s. 6d. This brief, fully-illustrated and quite excellent book addresses itself, I should say, to the young person rather than to the child. In remarkably few but exceedingly clear words it gives a *résumé* of the cinema's past, an outline of its mechanics, and notes on direction, production, costs, casts and acting. It provides, in fact, just the informative background that the film-going junior begins to want. Still better, it is a guide and an incentive to discrimination.

## The Goose That Went to Dunkirk

A special edition of *The Snow Goose*, by Paul Gallico, has just been issued by Michael Joseph at half-a-guinea. First published in 1941, it tells the story of a storm-battered Canadian goose which is befriended by a hermit on the English coast, and of their part in the Dunkirk evacuation. It is both one of the most moving literary legends of the war and an ideal vehicle for Lieut.-Commander Peter Scott's renowned drawings and paintings of wildfowl of the sea and marshes. Some of Lieut.-Cmdr. Scott's illustrations are reproduced on these pages. J. M.







*Svejdar — Guinness*

*F/Lt. Frantisek Svejdar, of Czechoslovakia, married Lady Honor Guinness, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh, in London*



*Brooke — Benckendorff*

*The marriage took place at the Russian Church of St. Philip, Buckingham Palace Road, of Lt.-Col. Thomas Henry Brooke, the K.R.R.C., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brooke, of Grimstone Manor, Gilling, East, York, and Countess Natalie Benckendorff, only daughter of Count and Countess Benckendorff, of Lime Kiln, Claydon, Suffolk*



## GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



*Colby — Baines*

*S/Ldr. David Colby, D.F.C., second son of the late Mr. V. C. Colby, and of Mrs. L. F. Colby, of Oulton Broad, Suffolk, married Miss Rita Pauline Baines, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Baines, of The Woodlands, Trentham, Staffordshire, at Trentham Parish Church*



*Poole — Croft*

*Mr. H. Edmund Poole, son of Mr. H. Poole and the late Mrs. Poole, of Norwich, married the Hon. Rosemary Croft, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Croft, at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, E.C.*



*Faure Walker — Chaloner*

*Mr. Roderick Edward Faure Walker, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Faure Walker, of Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex, married the Hon. Angela Mary Chaloner, only daughter of Lord and Lady Gisborough, at St. George's, Hanover Square*

*Radcliffe — Forder*

*Mr. Herbert Bright Radcliffe, son of the late Mr. C. H. Radcliffe, and of Mrs. Radcliffe, of Balderstone, Alderbury, Wilts, married Miss Kathleen Forder, daughter of the late Major C. J. Forder, and of Mrs. Forder, of Buckland, Surrey*

# Latest Head-lines



HOMBERG  
In Navy, Green  
and Brown. 42/4.



RIDER in Navy  
Nigger, Blue and Grey. 59/-



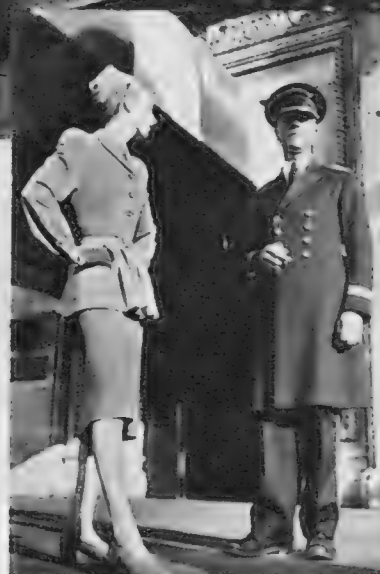
JOCKEY—Velvet Riding  
Hat in Brown and Black  
42/3



P I C C A D I L L Y C I R C U S  
Telephone: WHItchall 3181



MATITA in New York



MATITA

43 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.I.

At Christmas...  
the gift for a collector...  
a scarf  
designed by Jacqmar

Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street, London, W.1



# SILKEN GOWN



**COLOUR.** Use it like a jewel; to enrich, to cheer and to stimulate. Use it for evening now, or for spring, not far behind. French and British silks are dazzlingly colourful and coming in greater quantities. Left to right: British rayon taffeta, red or turquoise poppies on white, 16s. 2d. a yard. French spun rayon, a bolder poppy design, turquoise and black on a white ground, 95s. 8d. a yard. French rayon crêpe print, black background, 64s. 7d. a yard. French screen printed rayon, pastel flower shades on white, 123s. 3d. a yard. Glamorous red and white rayon slipper satin, a British silk, 18s. 9d. a yard. **Fabrics from Jacquemar**

**Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis**

# Silk Chiffon

FOR  
CHRISTMAS  
GIFTS



Beautiful handkerchief in the finest real silk chiffon with hand-rolled edge and appliqué design in silk net. In various pastel shades and black.

20 in. square **25/2**  
(1/2 coupon)

Large real silk chiffon square in a multi-coloured Paisley design, border in navy, gold, cyclamen, peri-winkle blue or Nile green. **68/4**  
(2 coupons)

Handkerchiefs—Ground Floor

Post Orders Accepted

## Debenham & Freebody

LANHAM 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)



A PURE woollen dressing gown with a generous wrap-over. Decorative, warm and slimming. In Wine, Turquoise, Dusty Pink, Blue and Green.

3 sizes

£12.13.9

8 coupons

For personal shoppers only.

LIBERTY'S  
of  
REGENT STREET



This luxurious model in finest quality Civet Cat is trimmed with perfectly matched stranded Skunk — one of the individual models from our collection of Fine Furs. (18 coupons) Price on Request

## Harvey Nichols

of Knightsbridge

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

SLOane 3440





*Trade marks of  
World-wide reputation*

M A R C U S

DRESSES · SUITS · ENSEMBLES

W. & O. MARCUS LTD., LONDON, W.1. (Wholesale only)

## Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

ONE advantage of the absence of any boom in personal flying in this country is that we cannot have a slump. I am not yet sure of the strength of the reports from the United States of a slump there in personal flying. They may be exaggerated. But it seems clear that there has been a falling off in orders for American light aircraft.

Theoretically, in this country, we are seeking, by manipulating with controls and restrictions, to avoid slumps and booms in everything, including aviation. We have politically plumped for the middle level, for the mean, with no high lights and no shadows.

But will flying, and above all private flying, fit into this frame? Whatever we may pretend about it, personal flying is largely a luxury business. When there are a good many people with plenty of money, private flying prospers. When everybody is taxed into penury private flying fails. I suppose that British manufacturers have deliberately gone slow with personal aeroplane projects because they have noted that there are too few people with enough money to buy light aircraft.



*Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore (left), formerly Inspector-General of the R.A.F., now on visit to Australia, talking to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sharp at an Overseas League party at Menzies, Melbourne*

### *Private Flying Crisis*

So private flying begins to approach a critical period. In England it may fail to make headway. But it might be possible to found a reasonably sound personal flying movement on a sort of expanded V.I.P. scheme. Fleets of personal aeroplanes would be acquired by, and maintained by, the Government and would be made available to those high officials and Government servants who wanted them.

In effect it would be a kind of nationalization. And the only alternative that I can see at present is to provide official encouragement for private flying in the form of subsidies.

If the Government wants to take all the money away from those people who appear to be getting rich, it could still keep private flying going by enabling them—through the medium of subsidies—to own aeroplanes at much reduced fees. There would be a subsidy not only for the flying clubs, but also for those who wanted to own and operate personal machines.

It is a roundabout way of doing it, admittedly, but it might prevent the collapse of the private flying movement in Britain.

### *Lifebelts of the Air*

AT fairly regular intervals the question of whether air passengers ought to be provided with parachutes comes up for discussion. And I imagine that it will be one of those things that Lord Nathan's new Safety Committee will discuss.

One view is that no passenger ought to be asked to travel in a transport aeroplane without a parachute any more than he should be asked to travel in a ship not carrying lifebelts. And it is said that so many people did so much flying during the war with parachutes, that many of them will object to paying money to ride as a passenger without parachutes in peacetime.

The opposite view is that air emergencies are too quick to permit the effective use of parachutes by passengers in a crowded cabin and that their carriage would merely lead to lack of confidence. It is also argued that parachutes might, in some circumstances, lead to a panic where there would be no panic if they were not carried.

So far I have tried to sit on the fence in this matter. It is most difficult to decide what is the right course. But I begin to think that parachutes must come in civil air liners as much as in military machines.

It would certainly be necessary first to improve the emergency exits. Every window in an air liner ought also to be an emergency exit. With this arrangement the use of parachutes might save a few people here and there who would otherwise not be saved.

Parachutes would, of course, increase the cost of air travel. There are so many things that can be added to an aeroplane to improve its comfort or safety, but each one entails the carriage of additional weight and the reduction of the favourable balance of pay load over other load.

### *D.H. and the Metric System*

THE de Havilland company, being one of the most go-ahead companies in the world, has long used the metric system in its brochures and given details of its aircraft and engines in both the metric system and in the British Imperial measures.

So I was amused to be able to catch them back-sliding at the Paris Show. I was inspecting on their stand their two gas turbines, the Goblin and the Ghost, with a French friend when he asked what was the thrust. We looked at the cards displayed in front of the engines and read the thrust only in pounds.

That meant nothing to my friend. Fortunately I had a comparator with me and was able to make an instantaneous approximate conversion with its aid into kilograms of static thrust. Anyhow, the de Havilland company has done much to aid in the general adoption of the metric system in aviation.

Incidentally, many friends in Paris asked when the British would go over to the metric system altogether. I pointed out that science had already done so and that aviation, being a world affair, would in the end have to adopt world measures; but that there was a great inertia to be overcome first.

Featured at

*Selfridges*

\*

**The "Galway Wedge"**  
**from the PANDA range**

Red crushed grain leather with leather sole and heel-piece. Squared toe, neat apron front. Obtainable in sizes and half sizes 3 to 8.

Personal Selection only.



The 'PANDA'

Galway model

**60/-**

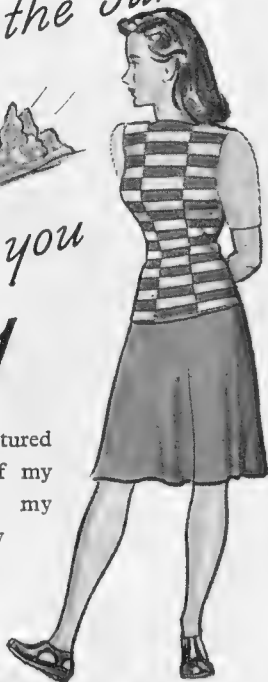
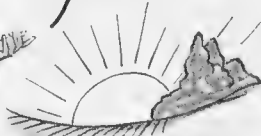
a pair

(Seven Coupons.)

Ground Floor.

LFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 1234

*I have* **COLOUR** *from the Sunset*  
*to make you*  
**Gay**



"Sunset Magic is captured in the glorious hues of my Jester range. Follow my washing instructions and my soft, silky Jester Wools will 'Never Shrink from a Wash'."

To knit the Jumper shown here get Jester Publication No. 1004.

**Jester Wools**

for Gayer Garments

The Jester Wool Company Ltd.

JESTER HOUSE, ROMAN FORUM, LEICESTER.



FROM THE HOUSE OF SELINCOURT

**SELITA**  
Model

SELINCOURT &amp; SONS LTD. 3 VERE STREET, W.1 (Wholesale and export only)





The  
Wetherdaire  
"Perennial"  
Label

**WETHERDAIRE**  
"PERENNIAL"

*The Impeccable*  
**WEATHER  
COAT**

If the cut could be copied  
and the tailoring matched  
the cloth would still remain  
exclusive for it is a special  
WETHERDAIRE weave

*from only the  
finest shops*

WETHERDAIRE LIMITED  
BRADFORD & LONDON

WET • WETHER • WETHERDAIRE

## Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

THE average human has a great repugnance to snakes and perhaps this is natural when one recalls the deadliness of their bite. Even the hardened colonial gives them a wide berth, and natives in Africa have been known to make a detour of miles to avoid a snake infested section. Many fallacies exist about snakes; the commonest is that they can leap. As a matter of fact, if a third of the creature is off the ground, it is more or less powerless because it can neither coil up nor strike.

A snake is cold to the touch because it is a cold blooded creature: it is not slimy as one would think, but quite clean. Nor is it the tongue which can cause an injury, but the fangs, which are so placed that the hinged jaws can open sufficiently wide to take in any ordinary sized object.

The London Zoo during the war destroyed all its dangerous snakes in case bombs fell near enough to damage their home in Regent's Park, and allow them to escape. Now large numbers of snakes of all kinds are being collected and sent to England for exhibition again.

THEY are easy things to mail. For example, to send them from Africa, they are packed in small strong boxes: they need no attention on the journey and most of the new arrivals have been flown direct to England. The difficult job is, as the picture shows, getting them into the travelling box from their original home.

For most of them a small snake-stick with a sliding loop slipped over the



*Snakes don't ask for luxury travel. Here a specimen is being persuaded into the old (but sound) wooden box in which it will be flown from Africa*

snake's head is used for the transfer: the big fellows present more difficulties, of course.

Natives don't like having anything to do with them as a rule, and even Bongo, the black fellow in the picture, usually quite stolid, turned a sickly puce when a small green mamba escaped from his box.



Away from restrictions, away from worry . . . free to go where she likes and to wear what she likes . . . that's the woman who uses Tampax! For Tampax means freedom, no matter the date, for Tampax is worn internally . . . is safer, surer, more hygienic, quite invisible. Leisure times can be pleasure times—on dance floor or golf links, everywhere. And each Tampax is contained in its own individual applicator, ensuring perfect cleanliness.

**TAMPAX**

No Belts • No Pins • No Pads  
Tampax Ltd., Belvue Rd., Northolt, Middx.



*χάρις*—attractiveness: secret of Clytemnestra, Josephine, Catherine—women who held the love of emperors. Yes, the Greeks had a word for that delicate emphasis of beauty which the modern woman finds in the fine perfumery of the House of Grossmith.  
J. GROSSMITH & SON LTD., 45 PICCADILLY, W.1

## The Downside Beagles



*The Opening Meet* of the beagles run by Downside Abbey School, near Bath, took place recently at Earl and Countess Waldegrave's residence, Chewton Priory. The Master, J. D. F. Mostyn, and A. L. Austin, the huntsman, are seen with part of the pack. Countess Waldegrave is in the background between them

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1/6, and, that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

*Planned*

FOR  
PERFECT  
COOKING



**"RENOWN"**

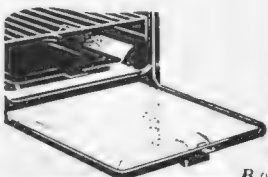
THE 'CLEAN LINE'  
GAS COOKER WITH  
THE EXCLUSIVE

**PARKINSON**

FEATURES

The DROP DOOR

Just draw the pans  
out on to the open  
door—it is ideal for  
basting and checking  
the progress of your  
cooking.



B.9

THE PARKINSON STOVE Co. Ltd., BIRMINGHAM

**KYNOCH**  
of KEITH SCOTLAND



**KYNOCH TWEEDS**

**KYNOCH SCARVES**

KYNOCH, 28 OLD BURLINGTON  
STREET, LONDON, W.1

## HOME TREATMENT FOR A

*Sensitive Skin*

**CLEANSE** . . Smooth on **SALON COLD CREAM** . . . a richly lubricating cleanser, to clean your skin meticulously.

**STIMULATE** with **ORANGEFLOWERSKIN LOTION** Shower cool . . . fragrant . . . to refresh and vitalise.

**LUBRICATE** Pat in **SENSITIVE SKIN CREAM** . . . a mild emollient especially prepared for the skin irritated by a too rich cream.

This is just one of the Dorothy Gray basic treatments for various skin-types.

**Dorothy Gray**  
Regd.

Sensitively tailored with the soigné Londonus touch. Obtainable from all leading stores. Enquiries may be addressed direct to the manufacturers for the name of your nearest retailer.

**LONDONUS**  
REGD.  
*Super Sportswear*

LOUIS LONDON & SONS, 14b Henrietta Place, London, W.1

For  
Town and  
Country

A practical walking coat, equally at home in a country lane or on a busy thoroughfare. The fancy Dolman sleeves and the blouse effect at the back, give freedom of movement and at the same time add a touch of dressiness. Has a centre inverted pleat at the back. Camel-type cloth in Nigger, Navy, Brown, Tan and Camel shade. £19.10.9

**MOSS  
BROS**

OF COVENT GARDEN

Temple Bar 4477

Corner of King St.  
and Bedford St., W.C.2

Branches at: Bournemouth, Manchester, Portsmouth, Bristol, Camberley, Aldershot.

Mackintosh's  
"Quality Street"  
completes the  
Christmas picture!



A delicious assortment of Toffees and Chocolates.

Made by JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX





The styling, finish and innate quality of Maenon Overcoats and Suits amply reward the buyer. The New-market Sports Coat sketched is a magnificent garment, of which a few models have been released for Maenon Agents at home—high-class men's shops everywhere.

**Maenon**  
Overcoats

JOSEPH MAY & SONS LTD.  
106 Regent Street, London, W.1

## THE ABLE LABEL

... "able" because it gives you the ability to distinguish instantly between an article that is genuine and one that is not; between a 'Dayella' children's garment and one that is said to be 'Dayella'.

Women ask for 'Dayella' because they know that this fine Utility fabric is made and guaranteed by the makers of 'Viyella', that genuine 'Dayella' garments are made only by the makers of 'Viyella', William Hollins & Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

Before buying any fabric or children's garment as 'Dayella', take the simple precaution of asking to see THE ABLE LABEL!

Regd.

*Manufactured only by WILLIAM HOLLINS AND COMPANY LIMITED, Viyella House, Nottingham.*

**HENNESSY**  
COGNAC BRANDY

**AFTER 6 YEARS**  
**BETTER THAN EVER**

## Neither Shrank!

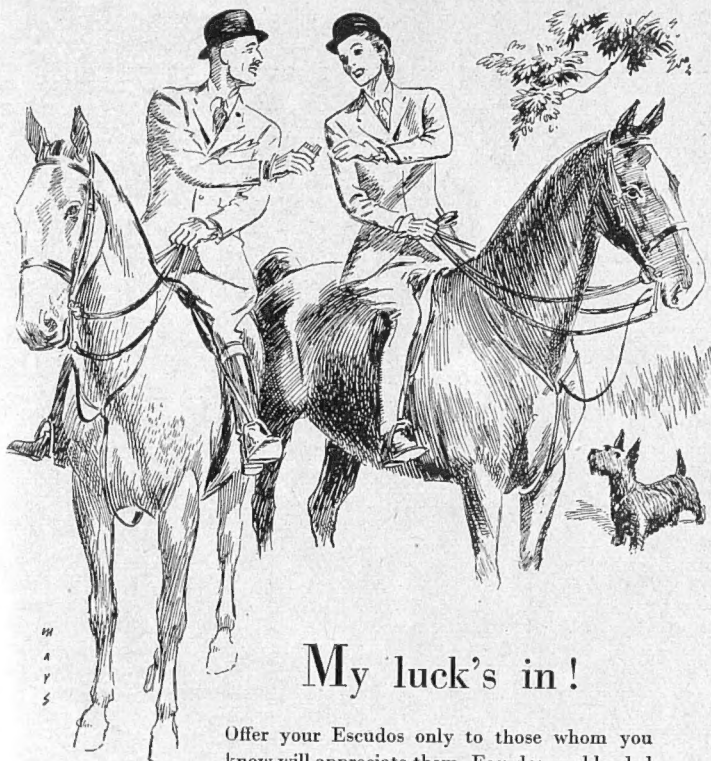


David did not shrink from Goliath; nor did Goliath shrink in size to make the fight more even! Nor will "MODERNA" Blankets shrink below their sensible, Guaranteed length and widths. Also Guaranteed all pure lamb's wool, fadeless, odourless, and moth-proof.

They will be coming to you in the loveliest Pastel Shades and White, through your best Stores — and well worth waiting for! Not available yet.

**MODERNA**  
Blankets for Softest Sleep

THOMAS RATCLIFFE AND CO. LTD., MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS



My luck's in!

Offer your Escudos only to those whom you know will appreciate them. Escudos are blended with extra care to give extra pleasure to Virginia smokers. Slightly bigger than normal—and very much better.



COPE'S  
*Escudo*  
CIGARETTES

20 for 2/6



*Jaguar*

Every Jaguar is a full 5-seater car of high performance, luxuriously appointed and with that impeccable finish which for years has been associated with the name of Jaguar. Three saloon models are offered on the 1½, 2½ and 3½ Litre Chassis with such refinements as air-conditioning, with de-froster and de-mister on the 2½ Litre, 3½ Litre and the 1½ Litre Special Equipment model. New Girling Two Leading shoe brakes are employed on the 2½ and 3½ Litre models. Jaguar Cars Ltd., Coventry.

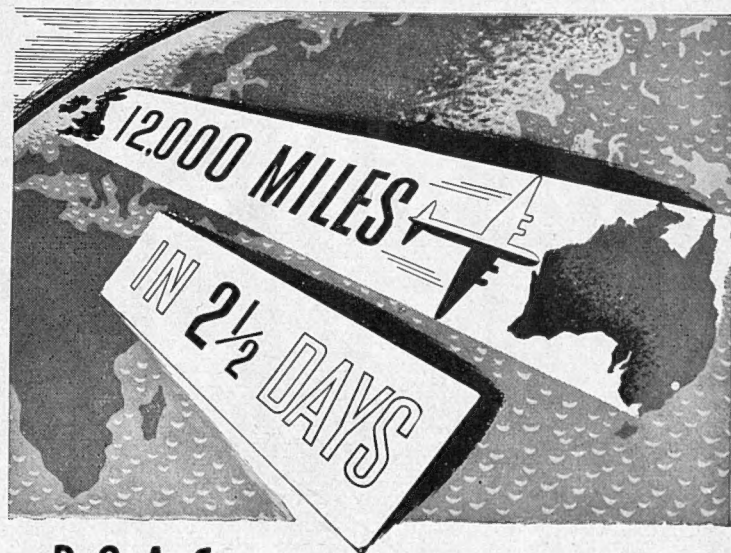
THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

BY APPOINTMENT  
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS  
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.  
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., LEITH

**V.A.T. 69**

**Sanderson's**  
LUXURY BLEND  
SCOTCH WHISKY

*Quality Tells*



**B.O.A.C**

has two routes to Australia

London-Sydney in 2½ days by Lancastrian: fastest, longest service flown by any airline: speed, but not yet all the comfort we hope to provide later. Or Poole-Sydney by Hythe flying-boat in 7 days: comfort, speed and leisure nicely balanced.

**LONDON-SYDNEY**

Landing at Lydda, Karachi, Singapore and Darwin. Longest ground stop 3 hours.

**POOLE-SYDNEY**

12 shore-going stops en route, including 7 night stops.

Each service flown 3 times a week in each direction. Qantas Empire Airways operate the Lancastrians between Karachi and Sydney, and the Hythes between Singapore and Sydney.

**B.O.A.C and Q.E.A**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION  
WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS





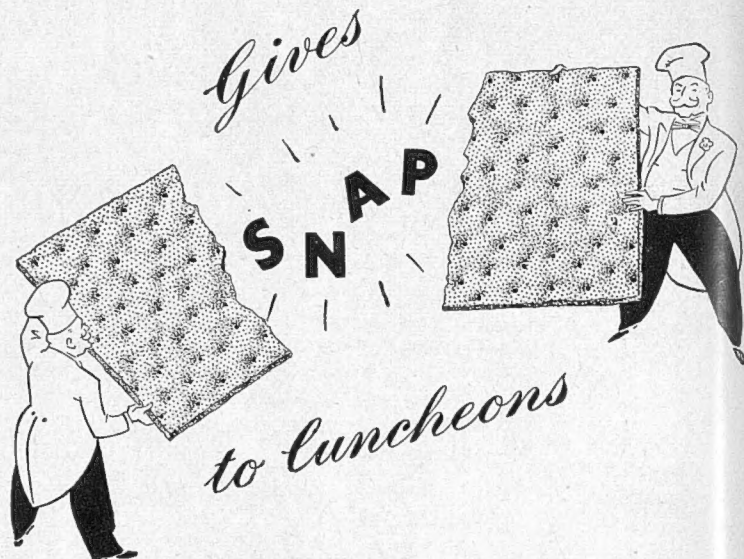
Don't just say Brandy.  
say  
**R.G.B.**

ROUYER GUILLET & CO., LTD., LONDON.

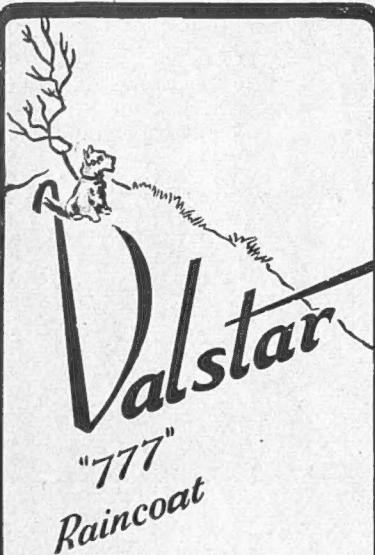


By Appointment  
Peck Frean & Co. Ltd.  
Biscuit & Vita-Weat  
Crispbread Manufacturers

**Vita-Weat**  
BRITAIN'S CRISPEST CRISPBREAD



Vita-Weat gives pep and crackle to luncheons. It has both appetite appeal and real FOOD VALUE



**SUPERLATIVE  
QUALITY  
AND DESIGN**

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS  
HAVE THE VALSTAR "777"  
RAINCOAT—SUPPLIES NOW,  
HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED.

**VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANCs.**

Also at  
314 Regent Street, London, W.1



**The  
Silver Lady  
Café**

is still giving HOT  
TEA and FOOD to  
hungry and home-  
less men and women

Please help by sending a gift of  
money, and if possible, articles  
of discarded clothing to:

**MISS BETTY BAXTER**

THE "SILVER LADY" FUND

6 TUDOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4, ENGLAND

N.B. We do NOT employ Collectors



It's worth while  
trying to get

—then your suit  
will be made of Scotland's hardest wearing cloth

S.P. 16

**KERFOOTS  
MEDICINAL  
PASTILLES**

based on the skill  
and experience of  
three generations



THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.  
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

Manufactured entirely in  
London, England

**Barling  
PIPE CRAFT**

Take care of your Barling Pipe. When  
available the very limited supplies are  
sent to Barling Agents.

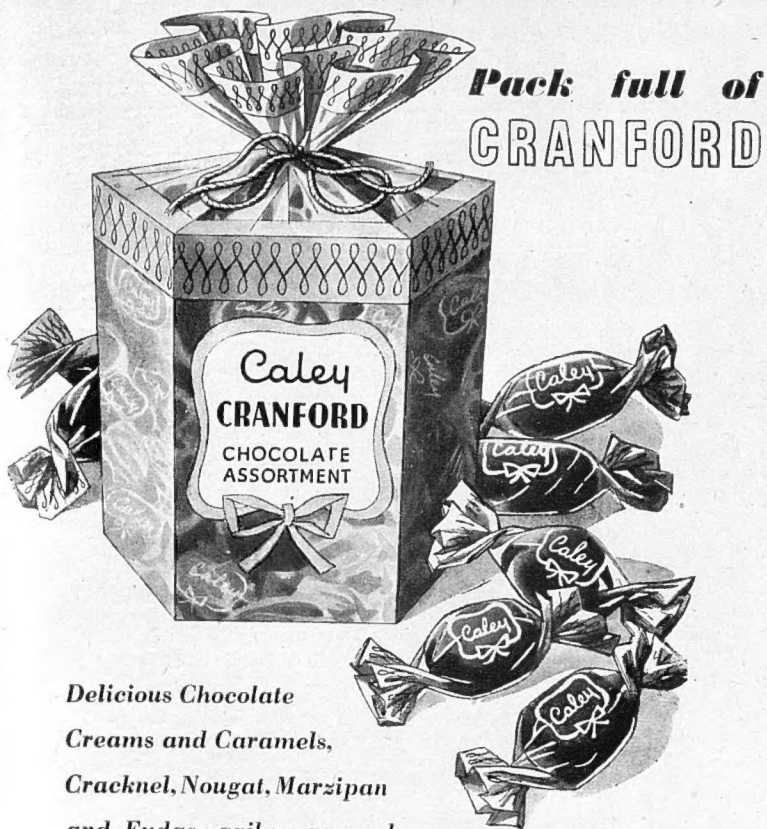
Prices are as follows:

	S.S.	S.M.	L.	E.L.
Standard or Sandblast . .	11/6	15/6	18/6	22/6
Ye Olde Wood	S.S.	S.M.	L.	E.L.
Selected Grains	16/6	21/-	24/6	28/6

Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on each pipe indicate  
sizes—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Large and  
Extra-Large.

Index of sizes clearly marked on each stem.

Manufactured by  
**B. BARLING & SONS** (Est. in London 1812)  
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"



*Delicious Chocolate  
Creams and Caramels,  
Cracknel, Nougat, Marzipan  
and Fudge, gaily wrapped—  
Caley Cranford—in the shops now.*

**CALEY CRANFORD**

the **CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT** in qtr. lb. satchels

## KNOWLEDGE • INVENTION APPLICATION • DELIVERY

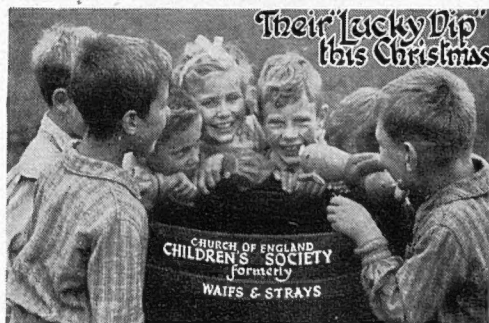
The Sign of  all these . . .

In our darkest hour the great engineering works of METROPOLITAN-VICKERS went confidently ahead—planning, inventing, adapting and delivering the tools of war in huge quantities. Those same vast facilities which produced Radar equipment, aircraft frames, gun-conversions and electrical equipment of every possible description for the Armed Forces have now in a great measure switched over to the production of electrical equipment—a vital necessity in the building of the future new world.

**METROPOLITAN  
Vickers**  
ELECTRICAL CO. LTD.  
TRAFFORD PARK • MANCHESTER 17.



*No pen is there like it,  
for smoothness and flow!  
Its name, so world-famous,  
you're certain to know*



Your **CHRISTMAS GIFT** will make the Children happy!

Please send it to the Secretary, W. R. VAUGHAN, O.B.E.

**Church of England CHILDREN'S SOCIETY**

formerly WAIFS & STRAYS, OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

Bankers: Barclays Ltd.

**BOOTH'S DRY GIN**



*Definitely  
Superior!*



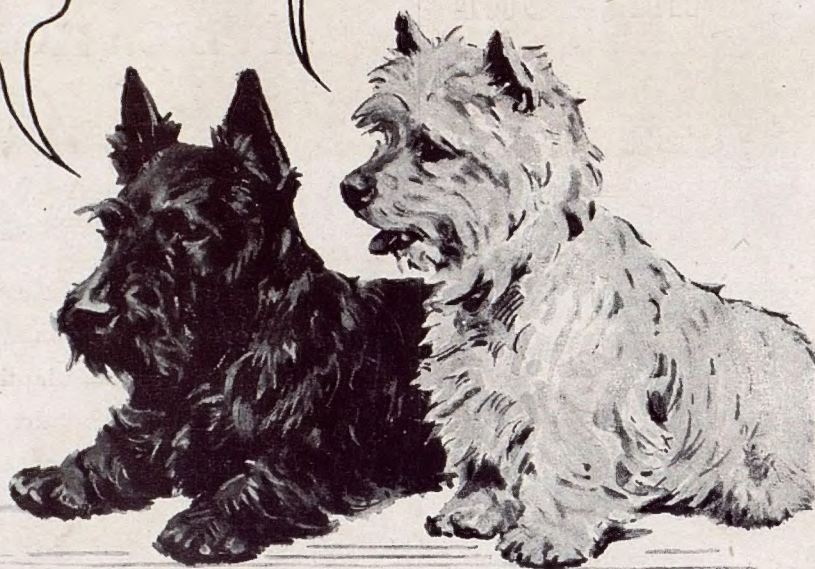
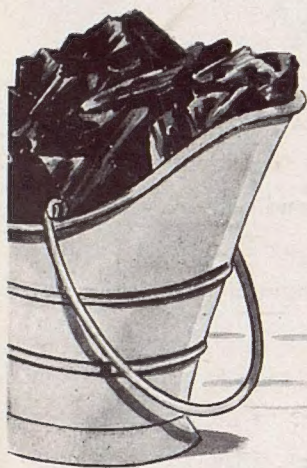
MAXIMUM PRICES: 25/3 PER BOTTLE: HALF BOTTLE 13/3 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



"NATURE TOOK YEARS TO PRODUCE THAT COAL."

"YES, AND NATURE TOOK YEARS TO PRODUCE 'BLACK & WHITE' WHISKY."



By Appointment to  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI  
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.  
Scotch Whisky Distillers.

# "BLACK & WHITE"

## SCOTCH WHISKY



*Xmas*

**CARDS  
GIFTS  
BOOKS**

One of the best gifts this year will be a Library Subscription. Library Subscription Gift Cards (greeting and gift in one) are on sale at all shops and bookstalls of W. H. Smith & Son. Price 20/- or 10/- according to service selected, plus 4d. for greeting card and purchase tax.

**W. H. SMITH & SON**

1500 BOOKSHOPS AND STATION BOOKSTALLS

Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House, London, W.C.2



Look forward  
to the return of

**'Golden  
Shred'**



*The World's  
Best Marmalade*



JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD.  
London Paisley Manchester Bristol